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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Those points in an Allied line where partners in battle join and coalesce are, as a rule, somewhat perilous ones; but if such a weakness ever menaced the Allied line it has wholly disappeared—there is no weak link of that nature about the great chain in France. The comradeship between the nations is fast and secure. On both sides of the Channel, then, many people, we think, will welcome the happy suggestion of our Military Correspondent to-day that a dual monument should be established. The idea is well worth following up. What event in the history of either has better deserved its heroic monument than this mighty partnership of France and England?

We have had another inspiring week, French and British together, in the west against the enemy. But the first thing, the supreme thing, to bear in mind in regard to these successful operations on the Somme is this: they can only continue provided the effort at home matches somewhat in generosity and in self-sacrifice the effort our armies are making out there. It is amazingly difficult, it really at times appears to be simply impossible, to ram this truth home. A fuss about the rounding up of a few business people for half an hour at a railway station, or about the commandeering of a hotel or club, or about whether some train or other should run during an air raid, or about an alleged butter or cooking eggs ring—any of these trifles or a hundred others of a similar degree of importance at once causes a large number of people to forget all about the war and the need to support with great efforts the Army's tremendous offensive on the Somme. That offensive can only last and achieve its goal provided men and munitions are furnished without grudging at home.

On 1 October the British Army had another victorious day, for in the afternoon, south of the Ancre, it won its objectives on a front of a thousand yards from a point east of Eaucourt l'Abbaye to the Albert-

Bapaume road, north-east of Destremont Farm. Eaucourt itself was taken and several hundred prisoners were added to the 26,735 collected by our troops between 1 July and 30 September. In last Sunday's action the new armoured cars worked behind the infantry advance, clearing the trenches. Some progress was made between Flers and Le Sars, and in the Thiepval area the enemy was driven from some ground which he held near Stuff and Schwaben Redoubts. During Sunday night, east of Eaucourt, an assault on our advanced position was beaten off, and the houses of Eaucourt were ransacked for German troops. We lost a part of the Regina Trench farther to the north, and on Monday the enemy regained a footing in the buildings of Eaucourt, while our men improved their gains south-west of Gueudecourt and north and east of Courcellette. On Wednesday Eaucourt was cleared of the enemy and passed again into British hands. Since then, owing mainly to bad weather, the Somme front has been more or less "quiet".

The French have been active, with success, north of Rancourt, where a localised attack on each side of the Péronne-Bapaume road won an important trench. Between Morval and St. Pierre Vaast Wood, north of the Somme, they have captured powerful lines and have made progress to the east of Morval. It has been pointed out this week that the Germans seem to be altering their tactics in order to save loss of life in their front trenches. "The front trench several times lately", says a correspondent, "has been lightly held by comparatively few men, who, it seems, have had orders to use their rifles and machine-guns for all that they were worth as we advance, and then, when our attack got home, to run or surrender. Then supporting troops counter-attack. If this plan is being adopted as a settled policy, it is an expedient of desperation which will profit the enemy little".

It was announced on Monday that the Roumanians in Southern Transylvania had retired into the Roter Turm Pass. Hard fighting went on for three days,

and our Ally was attacked from all sides by superior forces commanded by Falkenhayn. German official reports appear to be grossly exaggerated, but a big movement, begun about fifteen miles north of the frontier ridge, somewhere south of Hermannstadt, carried Falkenhayn's troops about six miles within the Roumanian frontier. They did not get through the pass, their advance stopping on the heights of Tzaineneni, beyond which, for nearly twenty miles, the defile is held by our Ally. And Falkenhayn finds that his thrust has now to encounter a determined rally and vigorous counter-attacks. Elsewhere in Transylvania the Roumanians do excellent work. In the Fogaras district, between Hermannstadt and Brasso, they have defeated German and Austrian troops; progress has been made in the Aluta Mountains and also in the Mooderachei area. As for the Dobrudja, Mackensen's centre has been pushed back, and the Roumanian left wing has made a haul of seven guns and more than a thousand prisoners, besides much war material.

Bukarest reported on Monday that Roumanian troops had crossed the Danube into Bulgarian territory between Rustchuck and Tutrakan. No details of this event were given, and there is little authentic news of the fortunes of this demonstration. The enemy jeers at the crossing, and sends a detailed story full of resonant claims. According to an official statement issued in Sofia, only fifteen or sixteen Roumanian battalions made the crossing near Riahovo, taking with them no artillery. They advanced and took six villages, from which they were driven on the 3rd by two columns of Bulgar troops sent from Rustchuck and Tutrakan. The story "destroys" them, and Austrian monitors blow up the pontoon bridge. Is it at all likely that an "invasion" of Bulgaria over the Danube would be undertaken by fifteen or sixteen battalions without artillery? The crossing was a diversion only, and the Roumanian troops have been withdrawn.

A week ago, after a period of silent preparation, the Russians in Galicia struck hard at two important points. Beyond Brody a movement along the railway to Krasne was begun with success, and nearer the centre of their Galician line they made headway south of Brzezany, on the river Ceniówka, and along heights on the right bank of the Złota Lipa southward of Brzezany. Brusiloff's troops fought with their usual valour, and their determined efforts to break the enemy's lines have already collected more than five thousand prisoners.

In Volhynia a tremendous attack on the German positions tests the huge defensive preparations made by Hindenburg. The Petrograd official news mentioned this push on Tuesday, and said that at some points, twenty and twenty-four miles west of Lutsk, in the Zaturtsy, Volia Sadovskaia, and Shelvoff regions, Russian "troops had taken possession of certain positions of the enemy, who is offering an extremely obstinate resistance". Fighting raged along both sides of the main road from Lutsk to Vladimir Volynski, which is the Russian objective. The battle continues, and is unusually severe.

Allied armies in the Balkans are making a rapid advance from Kaymakchalan and Florina to Monastir. French, Russian, and Serbian troops, obeying co-ordinated plans, have broken through the stubborn defence of the Bulgarians, and recaptured a portion of Serbian land. During the night of 3-4 October they reached the western slope of Kaymakchalan at Petalino, the loop of the Tchernia river, the town of Kenali in Serbia, Negotchani in Greece, and rested their left wing at Pisoderi, at the foot of Mount Tchetchevo. Kenali is separated from Monastir by only ten miles. The forward movement continues.

In the Struma sector British troops are doing work of great importance. Early on Tuesday morning they

advanced from their new positions near Karazadakoi and took by assault that part of Yenikoj that lies southward of the Seres road. The Bulgars counter-attacked at once, only to be broken up by the British artillery fire; they tried vainly again at 10.30 a.m., and in the evening, after a heavy bombardment, another vain effort was made with fresh troops. Their losses were very severe. Our new position extends from Orljach bridge, along the Seres road, to Yenikoj, and thence back to the river through the villages of Karazadakoi.

German perversions of the truth destined to influence neutrals have been frequent and surprisingly unconvincing to those who know what is really being done. But the amazing outpourings confided by the German Crown Prince to an interviewer for American consumption surpass even the high German average of ingenious fabrication. The Hohenzollerns are truly national in their strange sense of humour; but the Crown Prince reveals a depth of hypocrisy which we can only parallel in fiction. It is the voice of Pecksniff which tearfully groans over "this terrible extinction of human life", and asks: "Is there not one who would not rather see all this labour, skill, education, intellectual resource, and physical prowess devoted to the task of upbuilding and lengthening life?" This from the reckless waster of life before Verdun!

But there is more: he is, it appears, an ideal family man, and wants to get back to a peaceful Christmas this year. Yet England continues her "hopeless" efforts. "It is a pity that all cannot be gentlemen and sportsmen, even if we are enemies." A more bombastic and bellicose character a while since did not exist than the Crown Prince. Decency shrinks from the record of his personal excesses, but they have been published in this unsparing age, and they do not, to put it mildly, qualify the Crown Prince to lecture on the domestic affections. When a diplomat said of a king: "Il a une tête—" and was on the point of a disagreeable adjective, another added hastily: "couronnée". Something more than this excuse is needed for the behaviour of the Kaiser's eldest son.

There have been many stirring aerial feats on the Western Front this past week. Thus a British official despatch announced that on 2 October our airmen drove many enemy machines down and destroyed two, whilst we suffered no losses ourselves that day. These despatches as to aerial work in France should be studied. They should be read, marked, and digested; for what do they remind us of, which otherwise we overlook? They remind us of this: *if it were not for the superb skill and valour of these airmen of ours in France, London and other English cities would be tormented far more than they are by visits from the enemy's aircraft of all kinds.* We do not make a random statement in saying this. It is the fact, as any doubter would soon learn if he made inquiries in the right quarter across the water. We are largely immune because our airmen over there are doing such great and fearless work.

We must say we think it unfortunate, therefore, that Zeppelins should get, virtually, all the advertisement here, and that our airmen in France should get only a word flung to them now and then. Some bitter comment over this is, we fear, inevitable among soldiers in France.

Again, sensation-mongers might remember that the British Navy has some aircraft, and that these help. Thus on 2 October the naval aeroplanes raided enemy aircraft sheds near Brussels. One of our brave airmen did not return from this exploit. Altogether we suggest that, just for the sake of common decency—to leave gratitude out of the question—it would be well now and then to economise space and breath just a little when Zeppelins are seen here and when one of them is shot down—as last Sunday—and to expend one or two

words, or one or two lines of print even, on our air-men and their exploits at sea and in France.

The country has a thorough, entire, and well-justified belief in Sir William Robertson. The Chief of the Staff is an indefatigable worker; he speaks seldom, and when he does it is clear, straight talk such as the country needs. His speech on Wednesday at the unveiling of a cross at Dalderby, the Lincolnshire village which has a larger percentage of soldiers than any other, is an admirable summary of the situation—the achievements of the past and the hopes and needs of the future. He showed at once enthusiasm and that restraint of statement which belongs to the man who thoroughly understands his business, and has no use for the magnifying or minimising arts of rhetoric.

The best of summaries would spoil his forcible, forthright English, and we prefer to quote his tribute to the six divisions which represented our Army when we went to war, six divisions only, but of what quality!

"The way in which those six divisions kept up their end and fought at Mons, Le Cateau, and in the wonderful retreat to the Marne and then turned and thrust back the enemy to the Aisne is a story which will go down through history for all time. I personally shall never forget what I witnessed and what I heard during the first few weeks of this war as to the doings of those wonderful divisions. By all the ordinary rules of war they were thoroughly beaten divisions within a few days after they came in contact with the enemy. But they were not beaten, and if anyone suggested to these men that they were beaten I do not know what sort of reply they would get. They were not beaten, they never have been beaten, they are not beaten now. On the contrary, they are winning—slowly, if you like, but none the less surely—by the side of those numerous other divisions which had been sent out and are now fighting so splendidly."

These divisions have been supplemented by the forces which have grown so marvellously, "brought into being solely and entirely through the energy and foresight of the great soldier Lord Kitchener, who had done as much as any man to win this war for the Empire". We can now face the situation without anxiety, we can look forward with every confidence, because our men at the front are confident. They would not be so, as Sir William said, unless they felt that they were winning.

But he added a word of judicious warning, which is much more to the point than silly prophecies about the end of the war:

"The end is not yet. We must be prepared to go on for a period of time which it is impossible to estimate. 'Prepare for the worst and hope for the best'—that is a good motto. We have yet a long way to go, and we must be ready to go all the way. 'Fight to a finish' is the order. Therefore there must be no slackening off. On the contrary, there must be a great tightening up. We have adopted the principle of National Service in theory. We must see to it that we put that principle into practice. We have done a lot, and I think we can do more. We want men, more men. We want them now, and in due course we shall want all men who can be spared."

The difficulties are for the Government to adjust, but "we are not justified in expecting to win this war unless the services of every man and woman in this country are utilised to the fullest possible extent".

"A full day's work is demanded from every man and woman, old and young—on the farm, in the factory, wherever you like—in order to liberate as many men as possible to go out and support those gallant fellows at the front. And for this I look to women to help. I

have great faith in the women. I will not advise them how to do it, because they know their own business best. The women, by universal consent, have done splendidly in this war and have shown splendid fortitude in times of anxiety, sorrow, and bereavement, and they have worked hard too. We are also dependent to some extent on employers of labour and on local authorities to send us men. I hope that they realise their responsibilities." Here is a clear statement of the vital issues of to-day, a clear call to all to do their duty.

The reason why the very awkward and disagreeable discussion as to whether the Departments, etc., shall be "combed out" or whether men up to 45 shall be called up is this: the great authorities refused even to consider, much less prepare for obligatory service two years ago, and told those very, very few, alas, of us, who dared ventilate the subject, to shut up. Lord Beauchamp called us "Tory Reactionaries" in the autumn of 1914 and Mr. Henderson called us "unpatriotic". The "Westminster Gazette" called us "The Organ of the Conscriptors"; whilst young men and middle-aged men and elderly men called us, on postcards and anonymous letters, names too naughty to retail. However, it has turned out that they were inaccurate—if we may be allowed to say so without offence. Had obligatory service been arranged for in those days, as we urged it should be, the present disgusting discussion and renewed man-hunt would not have been needed. Obligatory military service in time—i.e., in the autumn or winter of 1914-1915, when the SATURDAY REVIEW was pressing for it—that was the right course and the one sound course. It would not have led to a frightful revolution and to chaos as the profound distrusters of the British people imagined and declared. It would only have led to order.

The question of the State control of coal supplies during the war has been considered for some little time. Lord Milner was called in to deal with the overlapping of existing machinery—to co-ordinate and supervise the three Committees appointed to maintain the output of coal, to regulate its export, and to control its distribution respectively. But he has wisely gone farther, and the discussions which, on his own initiative, he has started with capital and labour in the coal industry are likely to result in a comprehensive scheme which will combine the purposes of the three Committees above-mentioned.

Six per cent. and a gilt-edged Government security—should we not now all grow rich? The new Exchequer Bonds yielding this astonishing interest are now announced. They are repayable at par on 16 February 1920, and are issued in denominations of £100, £200, £500, £1,000, and £5,000, and are exempt from all British taxation, present or future. Perhaps the one drop of bitterness in the cup of the man who is wise and wealthy enough to invest in these bonds is the thought of what may be the drop in the value of his other gilt-edged securities. But that is inevitable. How the elder school of peace statesmen and financiers would lift their eyebrows at 6 per cent. ! We remember Lord St. Aldwyn giving us his opinion in pretty stiff terms, early in the spring of 1915, that even the first War Loan bore far too high a rate of interest. There is also a French national loan for which applications can be made, an issue of Five per Cent. Renten which will be "exempt from all taxes, present and future, of the Government of the French Republic".

The Committee on Food Prices in an interim report have recommended one meatless day in the week. In the vast majority of instances a meatless day would not hurt—it would benefit—British people of all classes. People devour far too much meat as a rule, sitting down to it two and even three times a day—eggs and bacon for breakfast, joint hot or cold for lunch, several meats for dinner. They eat too much for their head

and their health. The old midday stuff on Sunday was appalling. Meat once a day is quite enough for head and for health—the vegetarians are probably at least as near the truth as the teetotalers. Besides, the cost of meat is very high to-day, and it is needed for the Army and the Navy.

At the same time we do not believe in eating too much six days in the week and eating next to nothing on the seventh. A meatless day or a beerless or tealess day does not suggest moderation so much as immoderation. Of course it may come here as it has come in Russia—in a marked degree there—but at the best it is a clumsy method of economy and in various ways unsatisfactory. What is gained, for example, if A, who is exceedingly sparing all seven days as regards his food—eating next to no meat and rarely eating it more than once a day—is cut off his minimum even on the seventh day: whilst B, who “lays on” heavily at the solid dishes, say, 14 times in each week, is cut down to 12 times in each week? Spasmodic abstinence is a long way from moderation; and moderation in eating and in drinking is the right thing.

The Constitutional Club has found new quarters at the Hotel Cecil. So at last there is some truth in the old saying of the Radicals that the Conservative Party is a Hotel Cecil! We wish the Club good luck in its new temporary home. It migrated thither without palaver or parade, behaving with common sense and dignity in annoying circumstances.

We printed lately an appeal signed by the chairman of the Veterans' Association. That body has established a club at Hand Court, Holborn, where ex-Service men, from any part of the Empire, may register themselves, and receive medical advice and aid in finding employment. But the club needs a permanent endowment, and deserves a more convenient situation. In the absence of those members who have been called up, it is not self-supporting. It should certainly be made so, and the idea should be repeated in other places; also the establishment of Veterans' Convalescent Homes, for which two suitable houses have already been offered, would supply a need. We feel sure that the public has only to know of these excellent schemes, which have the sanction of a representative body of opinion, to sympathise in a practical manner with them. All our soldiers, and particularly our veterans, deserve all that can be done to increase their comfort and well-being. Full details of the organisation can be obtained from the Organising Secretary, the Veterans' Association, 1, Adelphi Terrace House, W.C., who will be glad to receive donations or annual subscriptions.

The Church Army, which has already a multitude of huts in the regions of war, has been asked to supply before Christmas eighty more for the troops close behind the Western Front. All these institutions must be manned with superintendents and workers, and Prebendary Carlile, at the Headquarters of the Army in Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, will be glad to hear immediately from men willing to undertake such service. There should be no difficulty in getting them, for here is an excellent chance for those too old to fight to help the fighters.

On Wednesday representatives of societies working for rural improvement met at the Central Buildings, Westminster, and decided on a Rural Organisation Council. Lord Selborne, who presided, spoke some pertinent words about the exodus from the country to the town. The reasons for this could be largely removed if country life were better organised and less dull, and this end could be attained by the co-ordination of the various societies which were now working individually. A body representing their united experience would have more weight and be in a better position to exert due influence.

LEADING ARTICLES.

MAN-POWER AND THE WAR.

ALL goes nobly on the Somme! The village of Eaucourt l'Abbaye has fallen to us after a stiff resistance, and the Allies are driving steadily forward. They are working scientifically together, and when necessary concentrating against the enemy a fire whose intensity Kultur-cum-Krupp in its philosophy seems scarcely to have dreamt of. It is a fire which blasts and shrivels up and reduces to dust that which resists it. This, then, is a time to rejoice in and be of high heart.

But because we are at length moving the enemy, putting on him a vast accumulated mass of material, and beginning to humble his arrogance, we must not conclude that he is finished with and that our own problem of men and munitions is solved. On the contrary, absolutely. The enemy, being exceedingly strong and well prepared, is far from finished with; whilst far from being finally solved, or conveniently shelved, our problem of the men and the munitions is to-day pressing and in the near future must become—unless now coolly and sternly tackled—a most pressing and threatening one. Sir William Robertson's speech at Dalderby this week is, in itself, good evidence of this.

The great and successful operations on the Somme must lead us to one of these two courses: either (1) we must have a great many more men, ample additions to the actual fighting forces of the Army at the front or (2) we must fail in the war and wilt out of it; and then all we have spent, in treasure and in priceless life and youth, will have been spent in vain. Now there is no need to discuss this second course. The nation is resolved not to fail or die out of the war: it is resolved not to go out of the war if the war lasts twenty years. So it remains that the British Army must have the ample addition to our fighting man-power in the near—the quite near—future.

The thing has to be done: the men for the fighting front must be found.

Now the “Times” and other papers have lately called attention to the fact that there are three fighting-man sources from which we can draw in this country. We would point out that there are actually four sources—namely:

- (1) Men of fit physique and of the serviceable age—19 to 41 years—who are at present badged and exempted in various non-State and State occupations.
- (2) Men of fit physique over the age of 41 years, who do not come under either of the Military Service Acts.
- (3) Men of fit physique and of the serviceable age living in Ireland, where the two Acts do not apply.
- (4) Men already in khaki and doing duty in home garrisons, etc.

To what extent, at the present time, men coming under (4) can be safely drawn on, and used for service abroad can only be known to and properly decided by certain high military experts who are charged with the actual defence of the British Islands. It is not for outsiders to discuss the matter at all. But this seems certain enough: if we draw from this source (4), we shall have to fill the places of those who go with new men at present in civil occupations and not fit for foreign and full field service. It must be assumed, therefore, that we can only draw men from this source (4) provided we put in their places new men fit for home service only.

Turning now to the three other groups. As to group (2) it is not promising at this time. All who have observed or been informed of the nature of the fighting in France, etc., *even in summer time and during fine weather*, must recognise the truth of a great leader's remark lately that war is "a young man's game". Modern war is as much a young man's game as football. If we were to conscript men between 41 and 45 or 41 and 50 to-day we should make a mistake. In any case, let it be remembered, the great majority of such men would, in practice, be found only fit for garrison duty at home or abroad, and there are other sources from which we can at present obtain such garrison duty men. It will be wise, therefore, to put No. (2) out of court, at present at any rate.

There remain No. (1) and No. (3). The first of these must be tapped—there is no escaping this conclusion—and a start, at any rate, has now been made by the Man Power Distribution Board. Large numbers of badged and exempted men will have to be called up and trained; and, whilst some of them will have to go to the fighting front, others of them will have to take the places of men fit for the fighting front, but at present—necessarily—engaged in home defence.

But it will be absolutely essential whilst this so-called "combing out"—we do not like the expression, which is unnecessarily offensive, but it appears to be insisted on by almost everyone—is going on, to be very careful not to hurt or deplete the munition factories and workshops. A considerable proportion of men of the fighting age and physique are essential in these factories and workshops—though a very large proportion of the work can be done by men over 41 years of age: and we feel that this also applies to agriculture in this country, where again a quantum of young men are necessary.

The badges and exemptions will all have to be overhauled, and a very large body of young men will have to be secured thus for the Army. This is absolutely essential unless we are to go out of the war: and, as we have said, Great Britain and Greater Britain have no intention of going out of the war though it last twenty years. This thing is well established and simple.

But when source (1) has been thoroughly tapped shall we have all we require? Frankly, it is very, very doubtful indeed. Do not let us stick our heads like ostriches into the sand. It is a stupid device among men. Let us look iron hard facts straight in the face: they will not hit us harder because we look at them. Men, more men, will probably be still needed after the badges and exemptions have been overhauled.

Where shall we look for them? The answer is, we must cross the Irish Channel to find and secure them. This is a very unpleasant matter, we shall be told. It is. This will arouse much political feeling. It will. It is unpleasant arousing political feeling at home in a struggle like this. One had far rather not. But, unfortunately, a war of a very terrible and drastic and merciless character is "on" to-day, and infinitely worse things have to be faced than political animus and naughty speeches and pained outcries at home. A visit to a field dressing station reveals this truth. There are more unpleasant things to be fronted than the removal of one's club armchair or one's club waitress, or than the irritation caused by someone treading rudely on one's pet party corn.

The men will have to be found. It is no use at all

writhing away miserably from that truth. All protests and excuses will be of no avail; for the enemy we have to overthrow is very resolute, very vicious, very powerful. Sir William Robertson is right. It has to be done. The men have to be found.

VERDUN.

SOME names are more valuable to a nation than great books of history, because their meaning is understood without effort by every mind, and it inspires like music. Historians try to clothe such a name with all the events that belong to its complete self, but their labour is not essential to the people, as the most potent influences have a vague magic, an appeal full of mysteries, like faith and hope and true heroism. Already the wondrous varied story of Verdun has become confused in myriads of details, which can never be resolved into a perfectly harmonious and simple narrative; but this fact has no harmful power over the name Verdun, which will ever be to Frenchmen an enchanted symbol of the prescient valour shown by their countrymen in 1916. It means inexhaustible patience, unyielding tenacity, unquenchable ardour, and a stricken patriotism thriving amid extreme perils and sufferings: all this it means, and much else besides, for who can weigh and measure the circulating pain and bravery which passed from Verdun through the homes of France, reproducing their like in the soldierly conduct of civilians? And the name Verdun has international aspects, marking the most testing weeks and months in the greatest of all ordeals by battle. At Verdun German efforts went through their climax to the commencement of their gradual decline; while Russia and the British Empire, completing a new and a much bigger efficiency, began to take full advantage of the portentous losses imposed on Germany's best men by French valour and leadership.

No hurry marred the counter-strokes. From the first day of the Verdun campaign the British Army in France was anxious to collaborate; but General Joffre waited for the right moment and then he humbled the enemy's pride by adding a French offensive on the Somme to the defensive operations on the Meuse, which gave cause for anxiety when they were considered separately and alone. It was a stroke of genius thus to prove to Germany by deeds done that France could play a magnificent part in Picardy in order to round off her achievements among the woods, villages, and entrenchments of the Hauts-de-Meuse.

When thinking of the incomparable defence of Verdun it is convenient to see in the drama three broad phases. The first one began on Monday night, 21 February, when the Crown Prince's army, eight miles north of the fortress town, opened a fierce attack that travelled in twenty-four hours along five-and-twenty miles of front. Its principal aim, apparently, was to overthrow France in her strongest positions, while forestalling the Franco-British offensive. Wooded country enabled the foe to hide the extent of his preparations, and some days of almost spring-like weather deceived him into the belief that fortune was his friend. The first furious onset, confident and sustained, was an earthquake of shells and a frenzy of courage on both sides. It gained ground, despite the most strenuous counter-attacks by our Ally; their relief came from heavy snowstorms, which made the advance far more difficult than a gradual retreat, impeding the movements of heavy guns and chilling the ardour of German troops, while the defenders had time to distribute reinforcements and to rally all their resources.

On Saturday, 26 February, the Brandenburgers believed that they had taken Douaumont, and a boastful official report announced a great victory, though the French counter-attack with a corps d'élite had won success after a hand-to-hand grapple, from which a number of Brandenburgers retreated into bomb-proof vaults of the ruined fort. During the first fortnight both attack and defence were followed in this

country with an intense eagerness almost equal to that of the French public. Rumour became more destructive than our Ally's incessant shells and barrier fire: it killed in a few days a hundred thousand Germans and wounded twice or thrice as many. On 4 March we protested in this REVIEW against all the super-sanguine tales, and at the same time we declined to share the alarm of a good many persons who thought that the Germans were going to break through. We were confident that Germany's hard blows were more likely to blunt the weapons of the striker than to inflict any mortal or incurable wound upon the French armies. It seemed to us that Verdun was one of Germany's botched battles in its first terrible phase, and we said so plainly, because we were impressed much less by the power and ferocity of the onset than by the fact that every month of the war had toughened and strengthened France. And two other facts were remembered by us in a well-known definition of the Prussian system as Napoleonism without Napoleon. The Napoleonic machine was wonderfully active at Verdun, but from the minds that directed it there came no sign of a master-genius for war.

As the days went on a second phase of the campaign began—the German advance across the Meuse to Forges and its marshy valley and to Goose Hill, Cumières Wood, and Hill 265, which was captured on Tuesday, 7 March. This enlarged phase lasted through March, April, May, and June, when the menace to the safety of Verdun was real, and every person of sense had to admit that the Germans appeared to be ready to pay a much higher price in casualties for its capture than the French might feel justified in paying for its retention. Possibilities had to be faced; and it was absurd to pretend, after so many weeks of hurricane fighting, that if Germany did pay a high enough price for her objective she would gain nothing more than a hollow and barren success. It would have aided her politically among several neutrals; would have heartened her armies everywhere, and her civilians would have been elated for months.

Meantime a formidable counter-stroke was being prepared by General Joffre and Sir Douglas Haig, and on 1 July the third phase in the defence of Verdun had its beginning in the Franco-British push which has made the Somme as famous as the Marne and the Meuse. Since then anxiety about Verdun has grown rapidly less and less. Indeed, the Germans admit that the Verdun offensive, with its sequence of after-effects, proved disastrous enough for them to justify the displacement of Falkenhayn by Hindenburg. And let us all note that France, by taking such a brilliant part in the Somme offensive, has employed her reserves of men with a forward-going effect, while their presence at Verdun in July would have had a defensive purpose only.

She has suffered terribly through the war, her casualties have been great; but those who recall her swift recovery after 1870 need not fear for her future. From even the most sinister times in her history France has risen into classic achievements, showing a marvellous grit, resilience, and vitality, because the deep undercurrents of her national character have differed always in a governing manner from the lively and elusive qualities active on the surface. Most foreigners have seen little more than the surface qualities, though the undercurrents have been evident enough as the sovereign motive-power behind the renewals of youth in French life and behind the virile and adventurous work done by the French genius in art, in architecture, and in letters. Again and again the French genius has collaborated as a fertile influence with the English genius, from the days of Cistercian builders and farmers to that entente in painting, in sculpture, in literature also, which preceded by several decades the entente cordiale in statesmanship.

It is also true to say that since the Elizabethan age, when Sir Philip Sidney wrote of "that sweet enemy, France", Britain and France have been growing together slowly and surely as complementary nations;

and now that their union is complete, thanks to common sufferings, to common needs and aims, no such peevish ideas must rise up between them as come too often between writers who collaborate. Let each recognise to the full what the other has done and is doing. On the one hand, there is the grand resistance of France, which enabled Britain to train huge armies; on the other is British sea-power, whose value to the common cause has been, and will remain, essential. But France has borne her sorrows on her own soil; the war has been in her vitals; and for this reason the splendour of her deeds at Verdun and elsewhere have a rank of their own in her alliance with our own country.

THE IMPERIAL PECKSNIFF.

FEW people will care to argue at this time with the Crown Prince of Germany. To begin with, this is no time for argument. The time for argument with Germany will come later on, when the Allies have finished the war in such a way that all the best arguments—arguments in men and munitions and ships—are upon one side of the dispute. Moreover, when that time for argument has come we shall hardly choose to argue with the Crown Prince. If we must argue with a German, let it be with a German who honestly stands by the faith of Prussia, even though it be a perverted faith, and not with a German who recants in the face of difficulties, giving the lie to his whole career in order that he may sneak into favour with the other side. There can be no profitable argument with a man who will say anything to save his moral skin—in this case the skin of a lion, borrowed, as in the fable, by an ass. We should prefer an argument with Field-Marshal von Hindenburg to an argument with the Crown Prince. One feels that Hindenburg, from what one hears and reads of him, would put up an honest case for his beliefs and for his nation; that he would not, like the Crown Prince of Germany, botch up pleas out of the teaching of Christ and appeal to virtues in his adversary which he has always affected to despise.

This, then, is no time for argument—least of all with the Crown Prince of Germany. Nor need one be at pains to discuss at any length the moral fitness of his Imperial Highness to make soft appeals to Christian charity, to the sporting instincts of English gentlemen, and to the world's sympathy for a princely exile from his hearth. The whole world knows pretty well what sort of a man this is who longs in Press interviews for righteousness and peace, who cannot endure the thought of another Christmas away from home, who begs the enemy to be a sportsman and a gentleman. There is no need and there is certainly no desire to go into personal details. It is not an English habit to bring personalities into our national quarrels more than is strictly necessary. English newspapers, for example, have not been moved to deal with the domestic life of the German soldier as the "Cologne Gazette" has been dealing this week with the domestic life of the British Tommy. The Germans who appeal through their Crown Prince to the sporting instincts of an English gentleman have lately been reading with immense delight that England is the "classic home of bigamy". No reputable British newspaper desires to meet the Crown Prince, even in his character of a homesick family man, upon the level of the "Cologne Gazette" in its dealings with British social life and character.

It is enough for our purpose that in his character as a politician and counsellor of Germany the Crown Prince—who led the war party in August 1914; who is associated by precept and example with every act, military and civil, whereby Germany in the flush of her first onset upon Belgium and France declared her true character to the world; who has to the full extent of his limited wisdom and ability insisted that the utmost rigours of blood and iron should be applied to the prosecution of warfare at its foulest and worst—that this man is now practising the soft phrase of

peace and complaining to the neutral world that big guns imply slaughter and death, that war is merciless and cruel, that the beneficent energies of mankind are being wasted in maleficent hatred and strife.

Let us take these sayings of the Crown Prince simply as a portent. There is in them no matter for reasonable argument. They simply mean that Germany, which for a generation prepared guns and bayonets for the world at large, has failed to destroy the unready nations who were forced to take up arms in August 1914, and that this same Germany is now beginning to realise what it is like to be upon the wrong side of the guns and bayonets. War, it seems, is right and magnificent so long as you are in a position to pound and blow and smash an ill-provided enemy to pieces; but it comes a crime against humanity when the same enemy begins to meet you upon level terms.

The complainings of the Crown Prince really amount to no more than that, and they are, happily, so received by the majority of those who are watching the progress of the war from outside. They mean, in hard fact and practice, that the hand of the Allies begins to be heavy upon the German armies, that the fighting henceforth will be upon fair terms, and that the Germans themselves have realised that the time has gone by when they might have bludgeoned Europe into a German peace. They even begin to fear that peace, when it comes—more especially if this peace is long deferred—may be a peace not very favourable to their hopes of keeping a military and naval pride of place in the European system. The Crown Prince would therefore make believe that Germany was never a military nation, that it has always gone sadly against the grain of his countrymen to fight the French and British, that such small unpleasantness as exists between the Allies and Germany is mainly of our making, and can be smoothed out with amiable sentiments and assurances. Somehow it has come about that gentle Germany to-day is being hemmed in and battered upon all sides, and this is an unchristian thing, which is not agreeable to the Sermon on the Mount. Let it therefore be stopped by the benevolent neutral nations, whose interest it is to help righteousness and peace to kiss each other.

We will not forget one of the Crown Prince's quotations. "Where the treasure is, there shall the heart be also." For more than a generation Germany's treasure has been in her military machine; and we will give Germany credit for not being recreant and renegade at the moment when her boasted virility and genius for fighting is about to be put to a real and decisive test. We shall assume that Germany, who took the sword in August 1914, desires to fight her battles to a finish, and does not wish to throw away her weapons immediately the struggle becomes a fair match between antagonists equally armed and ready. For the Allied armies the war has, in a sense, only just begun, and we can promise all those Germans who remain true to their stout professions of faith in Vulcan and in Mars that in the next twelve months they shall have as much opportunity as they need of putting their prowess and their virtue to the test. The Allies have not, with pain and loss incalculable, got together the means for fighting the strongest military Power of modern times in order to achieve the diplomatic conversion of a German War Lord from a disciple of Bernhardt into a conscientious objector. We mean to settle in full with Mars and Vulcan in the names of St. Michael and St. George and St. Denis. We can offer to the Crown Prince of Germany no hope of any peace or respite till we have taught him that the words which he uses to-day in foolish blasphemy are bitterly and entirely true. The whole German nation has to master the hard saying that those who take the sword will perish by the sword. Germany, without right or reason, challenged Europe to a contest of brute force. We are putting on the necessary strength and are bound to see that no such challenge shall be offered to our heirs if we can avoid it. It is a hard task, and may be a longer task than many now

suspect. Meantime we need waste no words upon political argument with any German who seems inclined to drop brute force in favour of a diplomatic hypocrisy. Such instances need only be noted as showing a growing sense among our enemies that the brute force is no longer all upon one side.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 114) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.
A LOOK AHEAD.

THE pæans of victory still continue to resound in the ears of the brave Allied Armies, who are daily battling with the Germans in the Western theatre. It would take much to affect the conquering spirit which has been their reward, after the weeks of daily and incessant struggle. The seals that were put upon the stretch of eleven miles of front at Thiépval and Combles, are landmarks which define the part of the great second contest which Great Britain shared with France in the first phase of the battle of the Somme. In the manner in which the two armies met on the doorstep of Combles, no better illustration of a perfect conjunction in action could be found in military history. The picture of the Allied fronts on the Somme is the best proof that the enemy can hope for little lack of co-ordination of action, after the progress made by the Allies in the West for the past three months. The weakness of an allied front is always supposed to be at the junction of the forces. Here, on the Somme, the Allies have elected to strike in unison, and in the series of successes which they have achieved, they have drawn upon each other's brains in the matter and manner of carrying on this new and strange system of warfare. Daily are fresh messages of congratulation passed from one army to the other.

A sentiment infinitely deeper than any entente has sprung up. It is obvious to the youngest soldier that, should a rupture at the junction be successful, the whole of a three months' bloody combat would be threatened by disaster. The Allies have, however, gained more than the shell-scarred earth upon which they stand. They have broken the fighting spirit of the adversary, and, as the hostile masses slowly move eastward, so will this spirit be found to lessen in its power.

Never again will the German have the advantages that he has lost in bolstering up a waning hope of victory. Würtembergers will no longer talk of "impregnability" after their experience at Thiépval. Each day brain-work evolves new terrors to bring into the field for smashing down the still remaining heart that the German possesses. By this time almost every German division in the West must have tasted of the Somme furnace. The Teuton line rolls backwards; they cannot face the hell which they themselves once inflicted.

It would be rash to predict what direction the Allies will take in the next line of attack. Bapaume and Péronne are two formidable buttresses that stand out on the great national highway that leads from Arras to Noyon, and to the roads which bifurcate towards the Aisne. Our Ally has first to tackle Mt. St. Quentin ere he captures Péronne. Will he strangle this fortress in the successful manner with which he handled Combles? He seems to have acquired a freshly inspired teaching in the art of war, which puzzles the enemy, and by which, helped by the exercise of war trickery, a girdle of fire has been formed round the more important strongholds, which

has forced the foe to evacuate, with the loss of such war material as they were unable to remove. On the other hand, Thiepval, "the impregnable," has proved that, once a broad wedge has been driven into and beyond a third-line system of defence, the attack can eat itself into the rear of the hostile lines of original defence, which still remain upon the flanks of the wedge, an uncanny system of war, which is the privilege of those who are masters of their enemy in number, material, and munitions. To abate for one moment our efforts to maintain this superiority would indeed be a crime. Surely the time has arrived when the camaraderie of the two nations, French and English, is so well assured, that a permanent tribute to the solidarity of the alliance should be proclaimed to the world. A comradeship cemented with the blood of the many thousands of brave men that lie with their faces to the enemy on the battlefields of France is deserving of something more than pen praise. Can we not lay the foundation of a dual national monument, which will proclaim to the world that the two champions of the rights of the smaller nations, although divided by the narrow seas, have joined hands across those seas, and will join them once again, if fate demands it, to fight to the death against the oppressor? What better moment to erect this national monument at the gateway of the Channel Tunnel than the present? What better time than during the great campaign, to let the German know that he himself was the mason, who not only built up the psychological alliance between Gaul and Briton, but also with his own hands helped to construct the imperishable monument of stone, which bears testimony to the feelings of two brave nations? Let the German prisoners be the creators of these two monuments, and, as their ships of commerce in after days plough the Channel which divides France and England, let the national landmarks on either side remind the traveller that below the waters lie two hands clasped in a friendship that shall be eternal. To what better use than that suggested above could we put the many scores of thousands of German prisoners now idling under our care?

The question of a Channel Tunnel, which has been slumbering for many years, is bound to be resuscitated at the conclusion of this war. I own to being one of a small number who were of opinion that its existence would have affected greatly in pre-war days the question of peace or war. It certainly would have exercised an influence both on the offensive strategy of the Great General Staff in Berlin, and on the defensive strategy of France. In fact, it would have demanded from both countries a co-ordinate scheme. The part that it would have played in the war would have been well-nigh supreme, had an impregnable bridge-head been erected some twenty miles from Calais. The millions of tonnage that would have been freed for freightage elsewhere must surely have affected our food prices. Its existence would have turned a flabby Entente into a stout bond of alliance, and Germany would have known with whom she had to reckon.

The fate of the idea of a Channel Tunnel some twenty-five years ago was sealed by Lord Wolseley, the greatest Commander-in-Chief that England has seen since the days of the Iron Duke. He based his veto of the scheme upon solid grounds of strategy. He saw before him a broad impassable moat, that Providence had set between England and her nearest neighbour, a neighbour who might at any moment become a possible foe. He had served British Cabinets of

both parties, neither of which gave an ear to military matters, and both of which were pledged to undo whatever little good had been done for the Services by its predecessor. To build a Channel Tunnel, he realised, would be tantamount to demanding an addition of 30,000 men to the army estimates, and an increase of countless guns of all calibre. As to the method of destruction of such a passage, should the necessity arise, the means would have been cumbersome compared to the easily handled high explosives and the poisonous gas which our men have to endure now in their everyday form of combat. In these days a dose of gas would have settled the question. We have pledged ourselves to let the German know that he is conquered. He attempts to stave off the approaching hour of defeat by lying bulletins published to the world, and to such neutrals as still believe in the existence of his star. His story of the war will be in his own vein. Let his children and his children's children, as they travel westwards in search of a freer home, see for themselves two monuments on the chalk cliffs of Albion and northern France, built by their fathers, to record the defeat of their War Lord and their nation, in their endeavour to inculcate in the world the vile doctrines of their Kultur.

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The veteran Marshal von Hindenburg has had thrown upon his shoulders a third form of campaign, to which he must be more or less a stranger. He has to manoeuvre for home consumption a campaign of triumph, in order to assure the success of the War Loan. He cannot afford to lose, for defeat would by common consent put the first nail in the coffin of despair which threatens the Fatherland. The official penman, with his budget of lies, can, indeed, come to his help, but he will be clever if he successfully explains the backward march of the German Divisions in the region of the Somme. Hindenburg has looked to Transylvania and Roumania for a spark of victory, which can be acclaimed a triumph and has hitherto failed. In making his effort for a means to secure a ray of hope, he has disclosed his strategy, and, where Falkenhayn is, there will the German Eagles be gathered together.

SPECIAL ARTICLE.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY AT THE FRONT.

I.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

IN a three-hundred-miles journey through Northern France lately I have seen the British Army at work on the front and at the base—how consummate in its destruction at the one, in its construction at the other! This marvellous experience, so remote from anything I have seen or imagined in my life, has not obliterated—it has intensified—two main impressions I have had since—one of them long before—Lord Kitchener, with the inspiration of genius, called for new immense armies. My first main impression is agreeable—that the British Army is going to come the victor out of the tremendous rocking contest in the West.

(The above was written before the news of the capture of Combles and Thiepval. Combles did not come to me as a surprise; Thiepval did. From a certain observation point I had, some ten days before, seen our shells pounding the ridge by Thiepval, but I had no notion its fall was so near. Its scratchy line of leafless trees, mere naked poles even then, is one

of the bits of blasted landscape in those Somme battle-fields I carry in the mind's eye. As our shells burst a wicked-looking steam spread and curled into the air as from some witch's cauldron. My point of vantage was cosy and secure, but just behind me the ground heaved from the fire of a battery of our great howitzers, which had been at it without break for a full six hours—a costly morning for us in £ s. d., and in other forms of value for the enemy at Thiepval!)

My second impression is disagreeable. It is that the enemy is so strong and resourceful that it may need something like "a dead-lift spasm" of Europe's energies to put him down—to put him down absolutely and for all. When he is down, may we not offer him back his weapons! Even in the case of a generous spirit it is often rash to do that. Readers of Scott will recall a scene where the Master of Ravenswood lets off a generous opponent at his mercy, bids him keep his life, and mend it if he can. What happens? It is not long before we find this same opponent disputing with a new-found ally as to who has premier right to carve the Master up. Scott knew human nature as Shakespeare knew it. If we let off this enemy, when by and by we have him absolutely under, he would treat us as Bucklaw proposed to treat the Master.

When the war began people who knew far more than I knew told me a long struggle was impossible. Modern Germany—through economic and industrial reasons, for one thing—could not endure a long war. Some gave her six months, others nine. I never could accept this view, or believe or write anything but the contrary, for an old habit of field natural history has drummed into me that what animals—including human animals—and trees incessantly and scientifically practise doing they commonly do well. Might not Prussia, it occurred to me, for a long time succeed in war, even as plants succeed in war—through a pitiless concentration and preparation? Persistency and efficiency—it is an appalling union in a non-moral Power! It is impossible not to be struck by this in watching, for example, the growth of certain green and sappy things in Nature.

Unfortunately, too, I could remember with strange clearness a certain morning in August 1870. The one-armed postman brings us news before the paper brings it—the Prussians have been totally defeated in a great battle, the first battle of the war. Hurrah! Our caps go in the air—I probably tossed my bib and tucker there—for we are dead against Prussia in that haunted house of long ago. But we wake to another and brutal state of things a few days after; we discern Prussia's ruthless strength and resolution; and the consequent reaction seems to have lasted me the best of my life. It is hard to be rid of some of these infantile impressions. They are bitten out on us. Perhaps only "very wise people" shed them entirely, the "foolish" retaining them more or less through life. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—

At any rate, here is the fact that August 1870, my first vivid recollection of anything in the world, save possibly a blackbird's nest in an ivy stump at home—the years before and many of the years after are a blank in my memory—sat rather heavy on me in August 1914. The weight was relieved somewhat, if temporarily, by Liège, and, later, by that amazing right-about-turn of the enemy at the Marne. Still, it left a feeling that the war would not "all be over by Christmas".

A long business, a terrible hard business, and the

close of it not yet—so much for the disagreeable impression. I confess nothing I have seen or heard in France has obliterated the thing. But at that I put it away for good and all, without any mental reservation; for what I have seen and heard in France, and turned over in thought then and since, persuades me completely that 1870 is to come to an end, that the hard business is to be carried through.

Slowly, inevitably, we are going to roll up and pour in upon the Germans on the Western Front such a mass of manhood and material that they will have to go down at the knee or the bloody stump.

This process will be carried out by three chief direct agencies. (Here I am dealing with the British lines only: I have at present only seen the British lines; but I am anxious to make it clear that nothing I have to say denies the smallest credit to the immortal feat and soldiership of France.) It will be *directly* carried out by our Army in France and organising at home and by that section of our civilians which is toiling to create in ever greater and yet greater masses the munitions. The third great agency, of course, is the British Navy. Without the British Navy, as every child can tell—nothing.

The Army then—including, of course, the devoted men and women who doctor it—the Navy, the shell and gun providers, professional and amateur: it is *they who are going to do the trick*. I fear I cannot put any outsiders into this direct and exclusive trinity. It goes hard with us to rule our puny selves out of this master stroke and glory of Britain since she became a nation. It goes hard with us to rule out many of our friends who, heart and soul, are doing their bit in other war work, material and spiritual. Even "they also serve who only stand and wait". But Army, Navy, munitioners—these three must be given the palm. I demur to the notion that a man has an equal claim on the nation's regard in this matter because, say, he writes a brilliant war book or makes a stirring war speech. He may write as well as Dickens, and speak as well as Gladstone—all the same, his place is behind the fighting men and munitioners. Recognising this truth, we shall get the British effort in the war in its right focus. For short, then, thus—soldiers, sailors, shells.

The Germans are only just beginning—at any rate, in Germany itself—to awake to the power and menace of the British Army in France. We laugh at them for having slept so long—yes; but have we at home ourselves fully understood the feat of our Army? I must say that until I had been to the front and to the base the other day I was not awake to it entirely. I was convinced the New Armies would prove steel-hard and steel-true, and would, with the French, shift the enemy from Flanders and Belgium eventually, and I wrote this in the SATURDAY REVIEW in 1915, after seeing something of the enthusiasm and rough-and-tumble and good humour of these crude armies in their early days in England—and notably in Scotland, with its proud Highland tradition. But of the gigantic nature of the British Army's effort in Flanders to-day I had no true conception till I went to the front and *saw*.

The whole thing is a very great wonder. "How has it come about?" "Who holds it all together?" "How do all the parts of this amazing whole fit one with another?" These questions must constantly be flitting through the inquiring, admiring mind of the ignorant layman like myself as he passes at the front from pageant to pageant of war. Every hundred yards, miles and miles together, some fresh manifesta-

tion was granted me of mighty military power, of clockwork organisation and efficiency.

I found everywhere that "innate warlike spirit, the gift of High Heaven", said Kinglake, "to chosen races of men". I am for peace on earth, all of us are for peace on earth; but (where is the use of denying it?) when the Briton is driven into war he does bring this "innate warlike spirit", this deep joy to the fighting! If my good friends, the Labour Members and pacifists, frown at such a statement, let me meet them half-way. I will agree to this being "a war to end war" if they, for their part, will accept Kinglake's saying. Let us suppose then that in this last of all the wars, in this "war to end war", the British soldier has brought to his task what Julian Grenfell sang of as "the joy of battle". After all, it is in Browning, who was no "militarist":

"I was ever a fighter,—so one fight more,
The best and the last"!

(1) Believe, then, that the British Army joys and glories in its work. Do not be deceived by instances—very human and natural—of "grousing" here and crying out in disgust there.

(2) Believe the British Army is superbly organised. Do not be deceived by flaws in detail, by inevitable exceptions in this and that branch of the service to the rule of efficiency which informs the whole. Do not mistake the fly upon the pane for an ox upon the distant plain.

Possibly I may be allowed in another article—after describing a few scenes on the Somme and at Arras and elsewhere—to say something about the machine at the base. There I found efficiency, scientific distribution of labour and economy combined, as if war were a business concern and the directors' aim were to show a good balance-sheet. Indeed, if we very gnostic civilians and papers would but leave to the Army not only its duties of destruction, but also its duties of construction at home and in France, I am not so sure that the Army would not in the end be able, somehow, to show a profit!

One tiny illustration of soldierly competence. We at home fling away our old shoes. The Army, which throws away nothing, knows better. It turns them into shoe-laces. I am going to make my own laces in future for shooting boots. They showed me how to at Headquarters.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

WAR PAINTINGS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the war abound; in that way posterity will have advantages of incalculable worth when it attempts to reconstruct this marvellous, this almost fabulous, struggle. As no war in the past this will be capable of visualisation, and I have no doubt that in the proper quarters collections of photographs are in formation, in as permanent a process as possible, with this historical intention in view. It is at least interesting to recall that no artists have bequeathed to us any considerable work recording the actual conditions and life of soldiers. There are, of course, many pictures of camps and cavalry and staged engagements, but they all seem worked up from the outside with the sole object of catering popular and picturesque scenes of historical battles or martial circumstances. I should imagine that the films of this war will, so to speak, take the wind out of the sails of ordinary Royal Academy war pictures. People will not be so ready to accept the stage-heroics of gesticulating

puppets now that they have ever so little realised the unimpressable and undepressed quality of our men.

With the camera taking care of the superficial aspect of the war, it is left to the artists to take care of the psychology. What we all want revealed is the humanity, the simple and the astounding truth alike of that (to us at home) hallowed and splendid place—the Front. For of that living actuality the camera can give us little after all. How men gathered in the trench await the destined moment for going over; how they manifest, each in his strange, personal way, something wonderful and selfless. Some clue to understanding, some revelation whereby we may be enlightened and ourselves experience, even for a flashing second, the deeper truth of what these men endure and feel. Poets have made palpable the inner verities of this noble and divine outburst of humanity piercing the superficial to interpret the dark beauty veiled within. Who will forget Mr. Binyon's "Men of Verdun"—those cripples in the moonlight? But as yet painters have not engaged these themes; when they who are out there come back to their studios we shall, I hope, see terrible things.

Mr. Nevinson, eloquently introduced by Sir Ian Hamilton, and perhaps rather sententiously prefaced by himself, is showing pictures at the Leicester Galleries which, judging by his introducer and his preface, vitally express the intensity and symbolic meaning of the war and modern conditions. But if, in the face of such authorities, one may submit any observations, they would be that Mr. Nevinson is too conscious of his "abstract, dynamic, and mental impressions" and his "geometrical convention" to have received, or at least to have expressed, impressions that really matter much. The superficial aspect of things—men sleeping on a lorry, troops resting, a marching column, men in hospital—these, in so far as they lend themselves to his recipe for geometrical dynamics and his trick of light and shade, he renders amusingly and cleverly. But one is more conscious of admiring the ingenuity with which he makes his recipe effective, much as one is entertained by some dexterous makeshift turn at a music hall, than of feeling that his work is the inevitable expression of profound emotion. And while one is very willing to be entertained in this way now and then, yet it is not exactly this sort of entertainment one seeks in pictures of the war. I have referred to the puppet soldiers of Burlington House and grocers' almanacs. When one comes to think of it, Mr. Nevinson's are only another sort of puppet.

I cannot help thinking that in time he will find out that after all life matters more than self-imposed conventions. For obviously he has a sense of size and tragic silhouette and motion. At present he is sternly occupied in subjecting these precious and spontaneous gifts to the canons of his famous geometrical convention. Sometimes, I suspect, he almost forgets himself, for example, in No. 9, "A Taube", becoming humanly touched by something greater than abstract dynamics. But next minute he pulls himself together and, with clenched teeth, gets back to his academic facets and folds and angles. I suspect, moreover, that his distrust of the old masters is chiefly due to imperfect knowledge. For he would hardly deny, if he knows his Rembrandt, that that man, working in his usual seventeenth-century way, would have expressed immeasurably more of the soul of "Belgium, 1914", or of the atmosphere and aura of a hospital than Mr. Nevinson, with all his abstraction and "wider inspiration", ever conceived, let alone expressed, in Nos. 19, 7, and 21. But then Rembrandt was not conscious of having any special impressions, nor bothered by having perpetually to live up to them. On the other hand, so tremendously perceptive of life was he that, without turning a hair or even looking at the date, he would be able, were he suddenly materialised in France tomorrow, to satisfy us. He would give us those needed clues to understanding, and that sense of being able wonderfully to enter into the consciousness and even

to apprehend the subconsciousness of the men out there. Nor would he have any difficulty in tackling our factories and teeming wharves, quite simply making Mr. Nevinson's "Southampton" and "The Converted Factory" look a little obvious and pretentious. At the same time Mr. Nevinson would have no cause to blush for these two pictures, even in so formidable a competition. For they prove his possession of substantial gifts, cramped though they are by obvious artifice.

I have heard people say, apropos of this "geometrical convention", that there must be something in it, otherwise the war would have purged Mr. Nevinson of its dross. But there should be no mystery or doubt. There his pictures are in front of us; surely we can tell whether their content is profoundly revealing or superficial as regards important things. Take, for instance, his "La Mitrailleuse", bought by the Contemporary Art Society. In all that permanently matters this picture is unrevealing, superficial. The design is good in bulk, but weakened by trivial accessories. The machine painting is easily effective. But the men are mere hulking dolls, and the lighting is an ingenious trick which palls. No doubt in intention this machine gun and its crew are symbolic of the men who saved France in the war. But in effect the picture is a lifeless thing.

A more adequate conception of the war was shown in Mr. Eric Kennington's "The Kensingtons at Laventie", which a little while ago was much discussed. But there, again, self-consciousness about expression seriously hampered its effect. Mr. Kennington's chosen method of expression was neo-Primitive; but as he obviously understood his Primitives as slightly as Mr. Nevinson understands Old Masters, he was not to start with well equipped. But if he had been content with his own twentieth-century ideas and ways of seeing, he would have had more energy and perception to give to his group of London Territorials, standing easy in a snowy village street, on their way to billets after duty in the trenches. He (a member of the platoon depicted) clearly wished to reproduce truly his recollection of the incident. He shunned false heroics and ideal picturesqueness, aiming to express the unconsciousness of observation and the aloofness of men absorbed by their own thoughts or numbed by fatigue and strain. One cannot think of a more honourable programme. But at this point he lost his singleness of purpose and attempted to cast his own perception and impressions into a Primitive format. His lighting, his detail, his tone, and, finally, his spontaneity were tampered with—I might say "cooked"—by his endeavour to make them square with this Primitive shibboleth.

THE FAMOUS FAIR OF BALLINASLOE.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

BALLINASLOE lies well into Connaught, twenty miles west of the Shannon; but it is remote from the Connaught which English visitors know—Connaught of the seaboard, Connaught of lovely landscapes, Connaught of hideous poverty. Ballinasloe is in Connaught of the wide plains and big stone walls. North of it is County Roscommon, all about it Eastern Galway, not far off King's County and Tipperary—all horse-breeding land, the classic ground of fox-hunters. Except, possibly, Cahirmee, in Cork, Ballinasloe is the greatest horse fair in Ireland, and probably in Europe; and it is a bona-fide fair, not a show, for the long-tailed, unbroke countryman's plough horse is just as much in evidence there as the clean-limbed, keen-groomed bit of blood.

And it is by no means for horses only. Tuesday, when I went, there was the sheep fair, but by eleven o'clock, when I arrived, that part of the day's work was over. Along the sidings were interminable trucks crammed with woolly backs: on the platform I saw a couple of men herding half a dozen rams as big as donkeys. Our business was with sheep; my

friend had come down principally to pay for certain rams which a skilful friend of his had been commissioned to buy for him. Our guide met us at the train—grave, quiet, and humorous—looking about sixty, claiming ten or fifteen years beyond that. He complained that the light that morning had been very bad—buying starts literally before daybreak. He walked up to the place of the buying, which is in Lord Clancarty's wide demesne that borders the town, and as we walked the veteran was telling me of old days, when all the tolls of the fair used to be expended by Lord Clancarty in a great ball, which finished up the week: when he had seen five four-in-hands setting out from the big house to drive down to the fair green, and when there would be eighty thousand sheep in a single fair. Since then other markets have developed, and on this Tuesday some twenty thousand might have been mustered; but, at all events, when we got up to the wide sloping stretch of park ground set apart for the sheep there were only a few score. But all the grass was trampled, and the heavy, greasy smell of the flocks still hung in the air. I was shown an avenue dividing the ground. On one side was the "Connaught Hill", where Galway and Roscommon sheep used to stand in the crowded time; on the other all was Limerick, Tipperary, and east of the Shannon generally. We reached the small bunch remaining, where some rams had been reserved for our selection, and while they were being loosed from the pen my attention was caught by a fierce quarrel between two drovers. It was ending in compliments. "Yerra, I wish you your health with them" (this in tones of bitter irony). "The same to you, and that the devil may never get a sight of you". The curse was politely inverted; but the fine rhetorical inflection conveyed plainly enough the hope that the devil and he would soon be neighbours. Meanwhile the half-dozen rams were lumbering over the grass on legs that seemed unfit to support that mass of wool and mutton; and the expert sized them up, pinching one, poking another with his little handy shillelagh. Presently we moved on, the rams and their drover leading, out through a gate where tolls were checked, to the broad road leading westward. Horses were coming down it, and beside one a tall lad followed, running. "Do you see him? That's a tout for some buyer, and he waits out on the road to mark anything that his man may want. Then he brings it to him first of all, and if there's a sale he has his bit of money."

Still we kept on walking towards a paddock, where the drover had other rams. For the fair week every house in the town takes in lodgers—beds in the hotel cost a sovereign—and every field takes in lodgers too—four-footed ones. Our veteran complained of the distance—"like a Connaught mile", he said. "You know the jarvey's saying: we have bad roads, but we give good measure." At last we got into the paddock, chivied round half a dozen more rams—handsome beasts, and perfectly indistinguishable one from the other—selected two on principles incomprehensible to me, but, as the expert said: "It's just the same as judging a terrier; you go by bone and back and head". All very well, but you can see a terrier: these brutes were walking bales of whiteness. Then, in the leisurely Irish fashion, we sauntered down towards the town, and from a rising knoll, where the Clancarty monument stands, saw the fair green below us—an undulating stretch of green grass, say half a mile long by a quarter deep, and covered at the farther side with a crowd of men and horses. In the middle of the crowd were horses plunging on the halter or whirling round; other horses standing quiet, with the sun glistening on their flanks, chestnut predominating, most beautiful of colours; and nearer to us in the open space horses were galloping up and down, round about, as men tried them for their going and their wind. Altogether one of the finest sights I ever looked at: not formal and mannered like a review, but with a natural wildness in its beauty.

We strolled down to the hotel, full of men in

pleasant outdoor clothes with pleasant outdoor complexions, gentle and simple, fraternising as Ireland only fraternises over horseflesh. The streets were lined with vehicles for sale, and in other parts were thronged with horses—of the poorer class mostly. "It's rare you will get a good horse in the street." The pick were on the fair green, though here, too, in the long-tailed unbroke lot, were some rough-looking country beasts, bestridden by countrymen in trousers; yet probably neither man nor horse in all that fair but would make "some kind of an offer" at following hounds across country. Great merry-go-rounds stood in a corner of the green, idle now, but they would do tremendous trade at night: the men would be up till twelve riding them, two and three on one of the wooden horses. Now all was business—business leisurely, sociable, conversible, but business going on all the time. Here and there you would hear loud voices, see one man grasping two others violently—the go-between in the last stages of a bargain. "I tell you now, you will give it him." Then one man's hand would be seized and vehemently banged on the other's palm, and after a moment's hesitation, perhaps, the other would return the slap with a ringing smack, and the bargain would be made. And then the buyer, if he was a professional dealer, and able to do his own vetting, would turn to a mysterious scrutiny: holding up his black hat to shade the horse's eyes and examine for blindness; catching the beast by the bridle and making sudden and fierce menace at him with his crop, since the theory is that a horse unsound in wind grunts when he is startled and plunges; and in another minute the clever jockey would be up and away, cantering, trying him on short turns, and presently letting the hunter out full stretch in his racing gallop.

Meanwhile the celebrities were pointed out to me: this man had been shot at (and there were a couple of police, with rifles, guarding somebody); another was a famous person from the County Meath, "a man that would buy anything; he would buy a cow for thirty shillings and he would buy a cow for thirty pounds". Another, again, was a famous vet from Limerick. But of more interest than he was a "lady vet", soft-faced and pleasant-looking in her flapping grey-green hat and grey-green tweeds. There were few ladies on the field—Thursday is their day—but I noted one, shy, almost old-maidish looking, who wandered about by herself very unobtrusively; and it would surprise me much if she had not led the field over many an ugly jump. I have seen her like before.

Horse-buying is a deliberate business and goes on all the week. Wednesday is the fair for lambs, Thursday and Friday for cattle; but Friday is specially the poor man's day, the day of odds and ends. Saturday is a tremendous muster, when all the girls for twenty miles round come in in their finest, and it is a day of great match-making—to which, in the west of Ireland, there goes a deal of bargaining.

I left at four, and in five hours had not seen one drunken man. I thought I had when I saw one grasp another and drag him about, but it proved to be only an incident in bargaining. A wise and witty priest told me the reason of this: it was motor-cars. Since motor traffic came in the lighting-up law had been enforced, and the people hurry away home. "They might spend a shilling on drink", he said, "but they grudge the halfpenny candle". I have no doubt he is right. For the Irish peasant is the oddest mixture of parsimony and extravagance to be found in all creation, and the more he has the more he inclines to save.

THOMAS FULLER'S GOOD SOLDIER.

THE praises of old Thomas Fuller have been sung ere now in the SATURDAY REVIEW, but they are worth resinging if we succeed thereby in sending anyone to his books who, so far, has overlooked their treasures. "One of the best and wisest and wittiest of Englishmen, a peace-loving man of a most happy

temperament", so he is described in a friendly little book which Mr. Warde Fowler has just sent out from Kingham.* And he goes on justly to extol the humane nature of Fuller—surely the least censorious of men—who in the Civil War was an ardent party man. There is an education, a higher education, stored in Fuller's works, in what were styled his "conceits", for those who have the patience and the taste to acquire it. Some time ago Fuller's estimate of the Good General was given in the SATURDAY REVIEW. His "Good Soldier" is equally worth reading.

"A soldier is one of a lawful, necessary, commendable, and honourable profession. Now, though many hate soldiers as the twigs of the rod war, wherewith God scourgeth wanton countries into repentance, yet is their calling so needful that were not some soldiers we must all be soldiers, daily employed to defend our own.

"He keepeth a clear and quiet conscience in his breast, which otherwise will gnaw out the roots of all valour; for vicious soldiers are compassed with enemies on all sides. None fitter to go to war than those who have made their peace with God in Christ; for such a man's soul is an impregnable fort; it cannot be scaled with ladders, for it reacheth up to heaven; nor can it be broken by batteries, for it is walled with brass; nor undermined by pioneers, for he is founded on rock; nor betrayed by treason, for faith itself keeps it; nor be burnt by grenades, for he can quench the fiery darts of the devil; nor be forced by famine, for a good conscience is a continual feast. He chiefly avoids those sins to which soldiers are taxed as most subject.

"He counts his prince's lawful command to be his sufficient warrant to fight. In a defensive war, when his country is hostilely invaded, it is a pity but his neck should hang in suspense with his conscience that doubts to fight; in offensive war, though the case be harder, the common soldier is not to dispute, but do his prince's command. Otherwise princes, before they levy an army of soldiers, must first levy an army of casuists and confessors, to satisfy each scrupulous soldier in point if right to the war, and the most cowardly will be the most conscientious to multiply doubts eternally. Besides, causes of war are so complicated and perplexed, so many things falling in the prosecution, as may alter the original state thereof, and private soldiers have neither calling nor ability to dive into such mysteries. But if the conscience of a councillor or commander-in-chief remonstrates in himself the unlawfulness of this war, he is bound humbly to represent to his prince his reasons against it.

"He esteemeth all hardship easy through hopes of victory. Moneys are the sinews of war, yet if these sinews should chance to be shrunk, and pay casually fall short, he takes a fit of this convulsion patiently; he is contented though in cold weather his hands must be their own fire, and warm themselves with working; though he be better armed against their enemies than the weather, and his corselet wholler than his clothes; though he hath more fasts and vigils in his almanack than the Romish Church did ever enjoin; he patiently endureth drought for desire of honour, and one thirst quenched another.

"He looks at and also through his wages at God's glory and his country's good. He counts his pay an honourable addition, but no valuable compensation for his pains.

"He attends with all readiness on the commands of the general, rendering up his own judgment in obedience to the will and pleasure of his leader, and by an implicit faith believing all is best which he enjoineeth; lest otherwise he be served as the French soldier was in Scotland some eighty years since, who first mounted the bulwark of a fort besieged, whereupon ensued the gaining of the fort; but Mareschal de Thermes, the French general, first knighted him and then hanged him within an hour after, because he had done it without commandment.

* "Essays in Brief for War Time." By W. Warde Fowler. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.

"He will not in a bravery expose himself to needless peril. It is madness to halloo in the ears of sleeping temptation, to awaken it against one's self, or to go out of his calling to find a danger; but if a danger meets him as he walks in his vocation, he neither stands still, starts aside, nor steps backwards, but either goes over it with valour, or under it with patience.

"But when God and his prince calls for him our soldier had rather die ten times than once survive his credit. Though life be sweet, it shall not flatter the palate of his soul, as with the sweetness of life to make him swallow down the bitterness of eternal disgrace. He begrudgeth not to get to his side the probability of victory by the certainty of his own death, and flieth from nothing so much as from the mention of flying. And though some say he is a madman that will purchase honour so dearly with his blood, as that he cannot live to enjoy what he hath bought, our soldier knows that he shall possess the reward of his valour with God in heaven, and also, making the world his executor, leave to it the rich inheritance of his memory.

"Yet in some cases he counts it no disgrace to yield, where it is impossible to conquer; as when swarms of enemies crowd about him so that he shall rather be stifled than wounded to death; in such a case if quarter be offered him, he may take it with more honour than the other can give it; and if he throws up his desperate game he may happily win the next, whereas if he play it out to the last, he shall certainly lose it and himself. But if he fall into the hand of a barbarous enemy, whose giving quarter is but reprieving him for a more ignominious death, he had rather disburse his life at the present than to take day to fall into the hands of such remorseless creditors.

"He makes none the object of his cruelty, who cannot be the object of his fear. He counts it murder to kill any in cold blood, especially when soldiers have suffered long in a hard siege; it is pardonable what present passion doth with a sudden thrust, but a pre-meditated back-blow in cold blood is base.

"He doth not barbarously abuse the bodies of his dead enemies. We find that Hercules was the first (the most valiant are ever the most merciful) that ever suffered his enemies to carry away their dead bodies after they have been put to the sword. Belike before the time they cruelly cut the corpses in pieces, or cast them to the wild beasts.

"He is willing and joyful to embrace peace on good conditions. He is quiet and painful in peace as courageous in war."

Here Fuller leaves "our soldier", visualising him as one fitting himself to rise from the ranks. Thus: Private—Sergeant—Lieutenant—Captain—Colonel—General: and promising in the next book, God willing, to present him to the reader in the last-named part. Fuller, it will be noticed, had, in his ideas of soldiership, something of, shall we say, the Tory-democrat spirit in him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"GOD AND I".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 October 1916.

SIR,—We read to-day in the Press of "the new grace before meat: 'Thank God and the Royal Navy'". We are not told how or when this "new grace" was invented, nor by whom it is, has been, or is to be adopted. But it is sincerely to be hoped that no such catch-phrase, so entirely Hohenzollern in sentiment, is to become part of our inheritance from the war. "Thank God for the Royal Navy", if you like, but, if only for decency's sake, let us avoid that implication of a celestial co-partnership which we never tire of ridiculing in the Hun.

I have the honour to belong to the Royal Navy, and I can confidently assert that nothing could be more utterly distasteful to the Service at large, brought up

as it is on the Articles of War, than the blasphemy that imitates the "God and I" of Wilhelm II., while to those of us who are without theological prejudices the implied limitation of the Absolute is repugnant from its very stupidity.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. N.

THE WAR MINISTER AND THE ARMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A violent attack was made last week on Mr. Lloyd George by the "Morning Post" in consequence of remarks which he is alleged to have made during his recent visit to France, to the effect that the leaders and the leading of the British Army are inferior to those of the French. It is incredible that he thus proclaimed this opinion, even if he held it, for his late courageous and inspiring utterances as to the positive and inexorable determination of the British Empire to fight this war to a finish have found a true echo in the heart not only of every Briton, including, of course, our magnificent Colonial brethren, but of one and all of our Allies. They have gone home, too, in Germany, where they have evoked squeals of impotent rage that their peace plot is known and discounted by us and our Allies at its true worth.

Mr. Lloyd George assumed the position of War Minister among the hopes and fears of the Army. The hopes have been justified and the fears dispersed, and there is no friction between him and our great Army Chiefs, Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson. We may confidently leave to them the direction of the war. If we consider what our Army leaders have done, both in administration and fighting, we can but come to the conclusion that no body of responsible men in the world could have surpassed them. We were suddenly compelled to enter into a Titanic war for which, by land, we were utterly unprepared. We had an Expeditionary Force of about 160,000, and an untried Army of Territorials, in whose fitness to meet Germans in the field few believed, though they have shown themselves equal to the best of the latter. Thanks to Lord Haldane, they had been properly organised into brigades and divisions, quite unlike their predecessors, the Volunteers and Yeomanry, who had no such organisation, and who were snubbed and left in the cold, as far as possible, by the then military authorities in Pall Mall. We were inferior to the Germans not only in numbers, but hopelessly in artillery. For years Krupp had been heaping up a huge reserve of guns, for which there was an ample supply of munitions. An almost fabulous number of machine-guns were ready; the German army throughout was in perfect condition in every possible point: the Kaiser and von Moltke had been, according to the former's admissions, preparing for the war for years, and by the rush through Belgium on Paris to strike France such a blow that she could never recover from it. Then Russia was to be crushed by Germany and Austria, and then our turn was to come. From the accomplishment of these designs our generals saved us and France, who in 1914 was no more ready to fight Germany than ourselves, and who was equally taken by surprise by the sudden outbreak of war.

With us everything had to be improvised after war broke out. A huge Army had to be formed, without generals, without staffs, and without cadres, and without equipment or munitions. What has been done by our War Office is little short of miraculous. One cannot pretend to say that there have been no shortcomings; it could not have been otherwise in the case of an Army of millions evolved out of one of 160,000. No praise, no credit can be too great for those who have accomplished this work, among whom is Mr. Lloyd George.

In Haig and Robertson we possess leaders equal to the greatest that the Army ever has had, and those under them and working with them, and especially the generals in the field, have in no way fallen short, and

have not only maintained to the full the traditions of the British Army, but have added enormously to its glory.

Yours, etc.,
ALFRED E. TURNER,
Major-General.

"A GLOUCESTERSHIRE LAD."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Readers of Bishop Frodsham's very sympathetic review, in your last issue, of Lieutenant F. W. Harvey's book of poems, "A Gloucestershire Lad", will no doubt be glad to learn that news has now arrived that the author is a prisoner in Germany and is being well-treated.

Yours faithfully,
SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, LTD.

LIBRARY OF LOUVAIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

House of Lords, S.W.,

September 1916.

SIR,—The Executive Committee (appointed early in the year at a large representative meeting with Viscount Bryce, O.M., in the chair) for promoting the resuscitation of the Library at the University of Louvain after the war, think that steps should now be taken to obtain contributions toward that object, either independently or in co-operation with similar committees in France and elsewhere. The experience of the Rylands Library at Manchester, where a very considerable number of valuable works have already been collected and arranged, so as to be ready for sending to Louvain when the time comes, shows that there are many people able and willing to come forward with books and other help. The Committee, therefore, invite communications from sympathisers, and in particular suggest that lists or descriptions of books which they may be willing to give might be sent to the Committee by any persons desirous of aiding the work.

Mr. Hugh Butler (Librarian of the House of Lords), acting as Secretary of the Committee, will be happy to correspond with anyone as to the classes of books which are likely to be acceptable at Louvain or as to any other points which may arise. It should be added that some preliminary expenses will have to be met, and that donations, not exceeding two guineas, would be gladly received and administered by Mr. Butler.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
MUIR MACKENZIE
(Chairman of the Executive Committee).

"MAN POWER AND CHILD POWER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gatesgarth, Lindley,

Huddersfield,

26 September 1916.

SIR,—In the heading of your article, "Man Power and Child Power", you have most admirably linked together two "powers" not often so closely collocated; yet the connection, once thought of, is perfectly obvious. So far as my own reading has served me, it is a unique comment upon Sir George Newman's powerful report upon the School Medical Service. But both you, sir, and Sir George are plagiarising an ancient Minister of Munitions who, some 2,800 years ago, had already discovered and enunciated the value of child power: "as arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the young children".

I would, however, venture to point out that you rather miss one of the main points that the report enforces. Over and over again the report looks backward to what has preceded the entrance of the children into school life, where first the school doctor comes into play. To those who have long considered the sequence of ill-health it is clear that unwholesome infancy is the cause of the defects that so many school entrants already display. Sir George Newman has to begin

his medical measures by remedying defects which are already existent. Your own explanation of this evil state of things is that bad parentage is the most prolific cause of this ill-health: from this I would very respectfully beg to differ. Indeed, I would go further and say that bad parentage has nothing whatever to do with the bad condition which so many children present when they come under the school doctor. Unless, indeed, the term "bad parentage" is extended to mean much more than it is usually taken to convey. Of children born alive, it is now estimated that 90 per cent., possibly 95 per cent., are born healthy—that is, not more than 10 per cent., or possibly 5 per cent., are born of bad parentage, taking the term in its common use: every one of that 5 or 10 per cent. is safely dead long before school age. Unhappily, these 5 or 10 ill-born babies are accompanied to the same bourn, at the same early age, by 10 or 15 of the well-born. It is by reason of the bad conditions under which it is attempted to rear the 90 or 95 well-born that 15 to 20 die before school age, and that of the survivors so many are deteriorated during those five first critical years.

I would mildly protest, too, against your use of the word "degeneration" as being in any sense applicable to our boys and girls. Not one of the defectives is a degenerate; they are at the worst only deteriorated. Degeneration is hopeless and incurable; deterioration can be prevented; it can even be stopped, and in a large number of cases can be, and is, in fact, cured. Vide the work of the crippled children's home at Alton, as the example par excellence of how deterioration can be brought to a stand, and how even the deteriorate can be restored to fairly sound health again.

The plain fact is that, if ever we are to have all the children fit for the process of "education", we must have the babies from birth to five years of age properly looked after. The Duchess of Marlborough, in her Priestley Memorial address, at the National Health Society, indicated that an effort to bring about this better care of infancy and early childhood was already contemplated, not on any narrow or local scale, but on a wide national scale. The idea enunciated by the Duchess has been put into more definite terms, and will, it is hoped, be very shortly submitted to the judgment of the British public. The whole scope of the project is to promote the care of motherhood, infancy, and early childhood, and thus to prevent the lamentable state of things revealed so clearly in Sir George Newman's report. The School Medical Service will then take the children in hand as they enter school, and will see that they do not deteriorate during school life. Then it will be for some form of "after care" to be devised, so that the period of adolescence shall be safely passed. When all this has come to pass, as it doubtless will—may it come quickly—then national health, national efficiency, national well-being, in the fullest meaning of the word, will be the inalienable birthright of every subject of the King.

Yours truly,
BENJAMIN BROADBENT.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND FADDISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Frank Adkins on 23 September under the above heading is extremely instructive and symptomatic—in this way, that the working of the temperance mind is laid before us in all its nudity, its crudity, and its absurdity. I render homage to this gentleman's affability in going to the length of solemnly giving us the chemical formula of alcohol—the SATURDAY REVIEW and its readers ever thirsted for knowledge, though not necessarily in the direction of the subject-matter—and also in giving his dictionary's definition of the "crank"; and joining practice to precept, he has, emulating the helot of old, gone to the pains of compiling a solid column of gush to demonstrate what a "crank" is. For this much thanks.

An eminent professor recently warned us against a very grave and very real defect in our national mind, that of inertia, meaning by this term the lack of the spirit of inquiry and concomitant development of the understanding and its powers of judgment by means of the storage of varied

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acquirements in all accessible realms of thought and knowledge. This letter, apart from its writer's manifestly sincere desire for the cessation of the evils of alcoholism, constitutes a living illustration of the professor's dictum by its strange jumble of dogmatism, loose reasoning, and utter contempt of all factors of the problem which do not fit in with his little world of ideas. It is a common psychological bias in many systematic "anti-ists" of various hues and calibres, from the learned bishops who let loose crude and weird sociological apothegms to the peace crank and to the conscientious objector (the genuine one, not the State-manufactured fake), via the anti-smokers, no-meat-eaters, dress reformers, nut consumers, and innumerable guilds and conventicles for the propagation of various absurdities. Oh for a Muse of Fire—and the solid common-sense of a Huxley, all questions of doctrine aside! Not only is thin intellectuality the cause of the intensive "crankism" from which these isles seem particularly to suffer—climate, no doubt—but in many cases, though I do not mean to insinuate the present one to be an instance, an incontinent and inconsiderate bibliolatri fires the naïve neophyte with the thought that, like the Founder of Christianity, he also has a "mission", a "gospel" to spread, and, satisfied with his good intentions, oblivious of Inferno, he straightway proceeds to distract the welkin with his resounding cries.

I will illustrate my meaning: Bobby takes a fancy, in the nursery, to the matches, and, pleased with the pretty, brilliant light he sees leap from their tips, wishes to indulge, he also, in a little pyrotechnics. Nurse rushes in—let us hope in time—and interferes; as Bobby grows up he is instructed in the use of matches, their convenience and danger, and henceforth, perhaps with the remembrance of burnt fingers in the past, will live to use them with discretion and comfort. Not so our "anti-ists", oh, dear no! They do not conceive it possible that men eventually learn to use matches; for them the world is peopled with Peter Pans, and they only, self-appointed nurses of the universal nursery, may allow us to do or think this, that, or the other. But more! In their case the matches are taken away and destroyed, and no doubt the gas cut off at the meter, so that we may better remain in physical and intellectual darkness.

Alcohol, like most things we dispose of, is a good servant but a bad master, and it is likewise injudicious to distend your organism with a surfeit of beef, an avalanche of greens or fruit, or a deluge of strong tea or minerals, despite the recognised association of gas with self-righteousness. Our life does not consist in renouncing all things and declining to go into the water to learn how to swim before acquiring the art (and it may be said, *en passant*, that much of the malaise of the masses, by which I do not only mean the labouring classes, and the steady "decline of faith"—discussed in these columns—decay not wholly associated with theological motives, is due to that all our crank reformers' creeds, cleric and lay, solely and wholly consist of the magic Prussian byword *Verboten*!). There is no question of the education, enlightenment, or development of our faculties and bodies, of making life broader, saner, cleaner, and better (in the material sense), of promoting the understanding, the normal appreciation and enjoyment of all things on this earth, or of augmenting our sum total of physical and mental happiness by the reasoned increase and use of the powers of all our faculties. Oh, no! Their motto is: "Es ist verboten!"—and a very pretty one!

The difference between the "crank" and the non-crank can be exemplified in this way: one individual in a thousand makes an ass of himself and soaks himself with alcohol; the crank prohibits the alcohol, but the individual none the less remains an ass, though incapable of displaying his asininity, a state of affairs diametrically opposed to all concepts of biological development and mental and physical progress. The non-crank seeks to reform and dispel the asininity instead of assiduously cultivating it, and this distinction applies to all misdirections due to asininity. Say the cranks: you are a hopeless fool, so we will strive to make you still more foolish by taking away every possible chance

for you to exercise your judgment until your cranium perforce becomes virtuous through sheer vacuity! Compare, for instance, teetotal fanaticism and the serious beneficial campaign for pure milk, or, still better, compare the massive, sound and irresistible findings of the Commission on Venereal Diseases with the criminal hysteria of the cranks of that particular subject; I could wish for no better object-lesson on the mortal perils with which all crankism is eternally fraught. Some cranks are harmless, perhaps, such as the nut eaters or long-hair-and-strange-vestment apostles; they can be left to their little monomanias, but to allow others to tamper with sociological or national problems is courting abysmal catastrophe.

Let them all be banded together and, totalising their prohibitive energies, seek to attain some innocuous though useful object. I suggest "The National Cranks' Association for the Abolition of Recurring Decimals". As to the claptrap of virulent abstinence fanaticism, as distinguished from serious considered reform, I don't think your readers would care to be wearied for the *n*th time with its exposure; asceticism and emasculation cannot constitute a national working code, either in drink or anything else. Sparta herself had to give in through exhaustion.

Apologising for this somewhat lengthy letter,

I am Sir, yours truly,

L. H.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—No one need grudge Mr. Adkins his verbal triumph. It is quite interesting *quâ* chaff. But I wonder if he has made himself acquainted with some experiments described by Professor Halliburton in "Nature", 3 August 1916. It seems a pair of faddists, called Professor Benedict and Dr. Dodge, thought experiment might throw some white light on a subject which seems, like some chemical substances, to require heat for its solution. In the Carnegie Institution at Washington these two, in the capacity of *advocatus diaboli*, as Mr. Adkins would say, tested on normal young men the effects of moderate doses of alcohol, equivalent to a wineglassful of whiskey or a little more. Mr. Adkins may be glad to hear that these doses depressed the activity of certain lower centres, as the knee-jerk and pulse-rate, tested by electro-cardiograms and pulse-records. So far, good. But, alas for Mr. Adkins! there are certain higher centres in the nervous system, such as those he employs in his lucubrations, involving mental operations and memory, and these had the bad taste to be *improved* by such doses. Is it possible that if Mr. Adkins had taken a regular modicum of alcohol his higher cerebral centres would have been the better for it?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

M. D.

IS THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ORTHODOX?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is not "Orthodox" what Bentham calls a question-begging epithet? It certainly means different things to different men.

Paley's account of the ethics of subscription will not satisfy those who attempt to exploit the formularies of the English Church as a barrier against the application of critical and scientific methods to theology. With reference to the Thirty-nine Articles, under which (Article viii.) the Three Creeds fall, he reminds us that "the legislature of the 13th Eliz., 1571, is the imposer"; and that the intention was "to exclude from office in the Church—

1. All abettors of Popery.
2. Anabaptists, who were at that time a powerful party on the Continent.
3. The Puritans, who were hostile to an episcopal constitution; and, in general, the members of such leading sects or foreign establishments as threatened to overthrow our own ("Moral and Political Philosophy", chapter xi.).

It is only by an anachronism that the Articles can be held to apply to later controversies; persons who do not fall

under one of these three categories are entitled to subscribe. To question this right is a proceeding "to be reprobated under the general description of applying a rule of law to a purpose for which it was not intended. Under which description", he adds, with a quaint reminiscence of obsolete but at the time unrepealed statutes, "may be ranked an officious revival of the laws against Popish priests and dissenting teachers". (Chapter x.)

I remain, sir,

A. F.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Copegrove Rectory, Burton Leonard,
Yorkshire.

SIR,—May I offer a few comments on Mr. Nash's letter of 23 September on the orthodoxy of the Church of England?

1. Mr. Nash seems to me to fail to recognise the true significance of the phrase "as by law established". To establish does not mean here to found, but to place in a definite connection with the State. This was done in a very precise fashion in Tudor times as a means of delivering the Church from being the prey of the Papacy and for the purpose of increasing her usefulness to the nation.

2. I hardly think it a correct statement to say that the Church of England "accepts the Œcumenical councils as criteria of heresy". The English Church's criterion of orthodoxy is that the articles of her belief may be proved by "most certain warrants of Holy Scripture". It is for this reason that the creeds "ought thoroughly to be received and believed", and not because they were framed by Œcumenical councils (Article VI.). As for General Councils, she affirms that "they may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God. Wherefore things ordained by them as necessary to salvation have neither strength nor authority, unless it may be declared that they be taken out of Holy Scripture" (Article XXI.).

3. There is, as far as I know, no Prayer Book authority for Mr. Nash's statement that the Eucharist is "also an unbloody sacrifice in which the same Christ is contained and offered in an unbloody manner Who once offered Himself on the Cross". Mr. Nash's phrase "Christ upon the Eucharistic altar" is alien to the Anglican doctrine of the Eucharist, although it harmonises with the Roman and Lutheran sacramental teaching.

4. As for the statement that the Church of England "has never rejected any truth", I confess, besides its unpleasantly complacent tone, it fills many an earnest student of history, science, and ethics with grave misgivings, for, although the Church of England has been more open-minded and truth-loving than the Roman Church, there is yet plenty of scope for her to-day to learn the truth and to teach it, and to eliminate error. She believes in the truth as revealed in the past, no doubt, but does she believe in the truth as revealed in the present, and can she be orthodox unless she does? That is the question of the hour.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

HENRY D. A. MAJOR, B.D.,
Editor of the "Modern Churchman".

THE DOG'S REASONING POWER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with pleasure Mr. Walter Winans's interesting story about his dog in your impression of 30th ultimo, and have only to remark that while quite believing in it, if that intelligent animal thought he was solving a problem in trigonometry, plane, spherical, or analytical, his education had been somewhat neglected. If, on the other hand, he thought he was solving the 5th Proposition in Euclid he was mistaken. If he solved any, it was the ninth, which treats of the bisection of angles. But I know dogs are very intelligent. I possessed a red Irish setter who

was even more advanced in mathematics, as you must admit, when I tell you his performance.

In one of our numerous wars, initiated for the benefit of coloured races, and, incidentally, for the acquisition of territory and the spread of Christianity, it fell to my lot, as an Engineer officer, to lay out some parallels against a native fort we were besieging. I always took my setter with me, and he seemed to like the firing. One day I had to lay out a parallel at right angles to a square redoubt, and I had no surveying instruments with me, only the customary tape measure, and I was thinking of how I should get the right angle, when he walked four steps towards me and then three towards the fort, and barked. Acting on his advice, at once I obtained what I was wanting. The dog had solved the 47th Proposition of Euclid backwards, which runs: "In any right angled triangle the square which is described on the side subtending the right angle is equal to the squares of the sides which contain the angle." All I had to do was to sink three sticks in the ground at four, three, and twenty-five dog paces apart, and, lo, 4 squared, or 16, and 3 squared, or 9, added together gave 5 squared, or 25, and drawing my tape tightly round them I had the right angled triangle I wanted, and was enabled to trace a parallel at right angles to the redoubt. My dog's knowledge of the 47th Proposition of Euclid must have come to him instinctively, and passed over at least one generation, for neither his sire nor his dam displayed the slightest knowledge of mathematics, and I never taught him. All of which shows what a wonderful thing is instinct, a remark I have heard before.

F. T. WARBURTON,
Lt.-Colonel, R.E., Retired List.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A beautiful instance of the intelligence and mother-love of a pedigree retriever, which came under my observation, may be worth recording. A wild duck had been shot, and had fallen on the opposite bank of the river Wye. When the retriever had crossed the river, now in full stream, her puppy, just old enough to begin her education, swam to meet her. The two met about mid-stream, and, to the delight of the observers, the mother was seen to transfer the bird to the daughter, and swam back beside her, and brought her up to her master with every manifestation of joy.

Few dogs are more intelligent than terriers. I was fortunate in seeing an instance of this, in a well-known rough-haired terrier, during a day with the Exmoor foxhounds. As soon as the terrier was sent to ground it became apparent that a brace of foxes were at home. Presently a big fox went away and gave us a good moorland chase. At the end, as the day was still young, the master decided to go back to the earths to see if by chance the other fox were still there. As we drew near, looking across the Coombe, we all noticed a spot of white against the brown hill. On coming up, to our surprise and pleasure, we saw that the terrier was lying at the mouth of the hole, keeping guard. The fox was out in a moment, and this time the terrier was last seen going hard at the heels of his master.

Probably all nature lovers know instances of a strange gift, deeper than either instinct or intelligence, especially among wild animals. The following strange instance was recorded in the West Country papers some years ago. A famous harbourer had died, an old, lifelong friend and lover of the wild red deer, who, by observation and woodcraft, had acquired an almost uncanny knowledge of their ways and habits. On the day of his funeral, as the coffin, with the mourners, were leaving the cottage, a few looked back, and in the light of the short winter afternoon saw on a knoll just above the cottage a group of large stags standing perfectly still gazing at the little procession as long as it remained in sight, as though taking farewell of the old man now going from the hills and the deer he loved so well to his long rest.

Yours faithfully,
H. J. MARSHALL.

REVIEWS.

ROOSEVELT'S RELAXATIONS.

"A Book-Lover's Holiday in the Open." By Theodore Roosevelt. Murray. 9s. net.

MR. ROOSEVELT is one of the prize hustlers of America in any field that he enters. A ribald epigrammatist has described him as:

"A mixture of cowboy and Plato,
And quite the straight potato".

No one doubts his honesty, but the results of his push-and-go have been considered by some of his judicious compatriots as less fortunate in politics than elsewhere. One can go ahead without going a header. It is likely, however, that he enjoys, even more than the fighting of politics to a frazzle and the making of maxims for sound Americans, the adventures of the naturalist, with which this book is chiefly concerned. He certainly gets out of his hunting prose which is at once vigorous, effective, and natural, and he has the spirit of a great boy—his book is dedicated to two of his younger sons—with the wisdom of the mature adventurer. Thirty years since he published his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman", and he is as keen on the trail as ever, whether he is pursuing the cougar on the rim of the Grand Canyon, which takes eight hours to top, or making his way across the Andes over a wooded pass three thousand feet high. On this trip he got a motor-car three times "bogged down, and we had hard work in getting out. In one case it caused us two hours' labour in building a stone causeway under and in front of the wheels, repeating what I had helped do not many months before in Arizona, when we struck a place where a cloudburst had taken away the bridge across a stream and a good part of the road that led up to it on either side". For so handy a man as the author nothing is difficult, not even the wild gauchos of the region, who are "dangerous men when angered", but "we, of course, had no trouble with them". They were superb horsemen, with a primitive form alike of stirrups and Christianity. With an observant eye for the wonders of Nature Mr. Roosevelt combines a zeal for discerning questions of human stock which adds much to the interest of his book. He is much more practical, too, than the average ethnologist; he notes the advances in civilisation, which usually make the hunter after wild things grumble; and he speaks of his guides as "valued friends and fellow-workers", capable of a courage and loyalty which would have put to shame many civilised men. These wild hunting companions, including file-toothed cannibals, provide glimpses of folk-lore which are fascinating, and lead one back to that early stage in animism in which animals not only destroy bodies, but master souls as well. Mr. Roosevelt managed all his men admirably, and his account of the denunciation of a malefactor (by the aid of an interpreter of Ciceronian eloquence) is highly amusing. The whole chapter concerning "Wild Hunting Companions" shows what can be done with them by a sympathetic hand—what can be got out of them in the way not only of loyal work, but also of ghost-stories and strange, inconsequent beliefs.

Equal to a dash at anything, Mr. Roosevelt tackles Primeval Man in the Pleistocene age, and finds both reproduced in half-naked savages who lived on honey and game, never cultivated the ground, and were unequalled as trackers. This primitive age Mr. Roosevelt associates specially with the horse, the lion, and the elephant, using the forms in each case generically. The difficulties about determining the exact species are numerous. He points out that the African elephant differs from the Asiatic far more widely than the lion from the tiger or jaguar, and that the skull of the horse may be mistaken for that of the zebra or ass, and he declares, wisely enough, that only general accuracy

can be achieved at best in an outline sketch of early animals, or prehistoric man. What we find here on the subject is certainly good reading, and there are some surprises, such as the fact that the great game regions of Africa are marked by scanty, not abundant, vegetation. An open plain suits game better than a thick forest. The evolutionary history of some of these animals is staggering in its length. The camel in North America is credited with a little Eocene ancestor anything from two to five million years back in the abyss of time. Some of the early predatory animals were clumsy in build, but made up for agility by their tremendous teeth. The true cat, of immense size, and larger than the African lion, must have been still more formidable, for the felidæ have both wonderful strength and great artistry in killing. What seems certain is that the early hunting savages of South America in its southernmost region lived among a fauna now wholly extinct. Was it a change of climate that killed these huge and powerful beasts?

The author is a Doctor of Cambridge, in England, besides his other qualifications, and, as a reader, he discusses books for holidays in the open. Reading is, he remarks, like eating, a matter of personal taste, and the personal equation is apt to be odd. Dr. Roosevelt has sound ideas about cultivating a taste for something beyond trash, and his favourite books are all unimpeachable, including, we are glad to see, "Guy Mannerling" and "The Antiquary". He evidently does not endorse Mark Twain's silly depreciation of Scott, or Emerson's of Jane Austen. He revels in "Macbeth" and "Othello", but not in "King Lear" and "Hamlet"; he knows perfectly well that all four are wonderful, and he "owns up" to his limitations. The choice is characteristic, perhaps: Othello and Macbeth were both great warriors; Lear was long past the age when he made men skip with his good falchion; and Hamlet was a pretty man spoilt by indecision. However, the chapter is more personal than didactic, and in its candour it is refreshing. We note that this adherent of the open-air life does pretty well in stiff literature, for he reads Tacitus and Thucydides in the turmoil of politics, and an attractive book by men of learning leads him on to the original sources, even the post-Athenian Greek authors in translation. He is certainly catholic in his tastes, and well aware of the folly of reading only the last new books. He likes a novel with a happy ending, and, this being so, he might, as a moralist, have said a little about the rotting vice of sentimentalism. There is a good deal of it in American literature. He likes poetry now and again of different kinds, and he likes the birds who supply so much of it for the observer all the time. The chapter on "The Mississippi Reserves" shows the interest and importance of preserving birds, and Mr. Roosevelt is equally emphatic about preserving game. In the reserve of the Tourilli Club, north-west of Quebec, he finds much lore concerning the moose. Its colour is, we learn, of the conspicuously advertising sort, though it is by no means a night-feeding animal only. Here, knowing our author, we expect a dissertation on the follies of certain theorists, but for once we escape it. He wanted meat for the table, and was licensed to kill one bull moose. He got a big one; but another, a huge black beast, was bent on getting him, and kept him on the water in a canoe, policing every landing that was attempted. Finally, the moose disappeared round a corner, but came again from his hiding-place to attack, and had to be shot when he was not thirty feet off. There was no apparent reason for this vicious attack. That suggested is that the animal had never seen a man before. He had certainly never seen a Roosevelt with a rifle responsible for the lives of some three hundred animals of all kinds, from lions and giant ant-eaters to monkeys and whale-head storks.

The whole book is a tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's powers in many ways. But he needs no advertisement. He holds an outstanding record as the greatest legislator since Noah, for he has added the Teddy Bear to Noah's Ark of animals. We can think of no hunter or

moralist who has done as much. A number of dolls of attractive ugliness were, a leading statesman once told us, promoted to a good position by the Aborigines Protection Society; but they are as nothing compared with the famous Teddy Bear.

STYLE WITHOUT STORY.

"Love and Lucy." By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan. 5s. net.

NOVEL readers may be divided into two classes—those who like Mr. Maurice Hewlett and those who do not. He is not, to use an expressive phrase, "everybody's money", and if his work is not exactly caviare, it has resemblance to certain hot-house delicacies which appeal only to particular palates.

"Love and Lucy" exhibits in a marked degree the author's characteristics. It is precious, mannered, and elusive. Those who dislike Mr. Hewlett's work will find in its exotic exuberance more than usual cause for discontent, while his admirers may point to it as one of the most triumphant products of their writer's pen. "No one but Mr. Maurice Hewlett could have written such a book", they will say. And that is quite true. Every page, every sentence, is stamped with his individuality. All the time he seems to be preening himself as he writes, and posturing fantastically before a looking-glass. He has let his style run riot and enjoyed himself immensely in the process. It is as though he had shaken himself from the shackles of his master, George Meredith, to whom for a number of years he played "sedulous ape", and was out to make the most of his freedom.

It is the style, not the story, that is the thing. The story, it must be confessed, is woefully thin. It depends for its interest upon kisses. Now kisses are a very natural subject for the novelist, and few writers can handle the kiss more deftly than Mr. Maurice Hewlett. In this novel we have an abundance of kisses, described with the most luscious and intimate detail as to their effect on giver and partaker. But even Mr. Hewlett's witchcraft is unequal to the task of making us believe in the goodness of his heroine. Lucy, you see, had the tender dragging smile of "a Luini Madonna, grave, twilight eyes, full of compassionate understanding; very dark eyebrows, very long lashes like the fringe of rain over a moorland landscape. She had a virginal shape and liked her clothes to cling about her knees. Long fingers, longish, thin feet. . . ."

There you have a description of a typical Hewlett heroine. Well and good. But when we are asked to believe that this same pure and passionate woman of thirty-one (the age is insisted upon) could receive another man's embrace in the dark under the impression that it was her husband who was kissing her, Mr. Maurice Hewlett makes too big a draft upon our credulity. Nor can we take the author's view of his heroine when, having discovered her mistake, she continues in her delight. In spite of all Mr. Hewlett's persuasions we cannot regard his Lucy as anything else than a minx.

Nor is the husband, James Adolphus Macartney, that immaculate figure with the eye-glass, "the best-dressed solicitor in London", an acceptable study. He is true neither to life nor to fiction, and we have to take him upon the author's word, for he never at any instant of time appears real. Urquhart, the secret lover, is the most vigorously-drawn character in the "book". With his headstrong, whirlwind ways and utter lack of scruple he is a well-recognised type in fiction, and hardly in any sense to be accounted a creation of Mr. Hewlett. Nor does the novelist show any great ingenuity in adopting the short and easy method of killing him off in a mountaineering expedition at a critical moment in the story when his presence was beginning to be embarrassing to the newly reconciled husband and wife.

But in spite of these obvious and rather cheap

defects, there is entertainment in Mr. Hewlett's tale. It has humour, subtlety, irony, and comedy, and if the sentiment is somewhat overlaid, sugarish, and sickly, well! that is but to repeat that it is a characteristic Hewlett production.

PROBLEMS OF BOUNDARY SETTLEMENT.

"Political Frontiers and Boundary Making." By Col. Sir Thomas H. Holdich. Macmillan. 10s. net.

IT has been the lot of Sir Thomas Holdich to give practical consideration in many parts of the world to problems of boundary settlement, and he says that a thorough study of international frontiers and their boundaries would afford material enough for many volumes if historical references were consulted fully. His present aim is governed by the fact that among the few writers who treat of this important subject he can find no authoritative opinion based on practical experience, no elementary work in which the stern needs of political discretion are shown to be at variance with the sentiments cherished by idealists. The demarcation of a scientific boundary belongs to the realm of foresight in statesmanship, and foresight in the destinies of nations comes from a cool and sane attitude towards human nature. Men of foresight study the future in past and present warnings from international crises, leaving dreamers to put elusive hope into ideas about the universal brotherhood of man and perpetual peace.

The sovereign purpose of a national frontier is to promote friendly relations between neighbour States by putting a definite edge to the territorial and political horizon of both; then trespass cannot be easy in a time of excitement, and secret planned aggression has natural difficulties to overcome before it can do harm to a peaceable country. Sir Thomas Holdich considers these conditions in boundary-making, and shows how they may be made real—or as real as human nature will permit them to be—in a statesmanly choice of a frontier.

Idealists, forgetting what Great Britain has owed to her sea frontiers, wish to give lessons to nations whose lands are contiguous, and whose history is tragic and sinister with invasions. Neither mountain crests nor big rivers ought to be used as features for a frontier, partly because they are difficult meeting-places, and partly because idyllic peoples are eager to assimilate one with another. "Ah", said a mild person to Sydney Smith, "the day will surely dawn when the lion shall lie down with the lamb." "Yes", answered the wit, "with the lamb in his stomach." The fact that ordinary men and women have shown a wonderfully varied originality in languages and in dialects is proof enough that human nature detests uniformity and loves barriers and local developments. And a similar fact is evident among virile nations in the dividing of a religion into sectarian creeds. Boundaries in human life are as inevitable as disputes and competitions. Yet idealists think of a pacific millennium when they speak of political frontiers in Europe and elsewhere.

They forget that an enormous increase of population, accompanied by an equally huge increase of commercial rivalry, has added new perils to the old in international affairs. In recent history, as Sir Thomas Holdich points out, most of the important wars, like most of the lesser quarrels between States, have arisen over disputed boundaries. "Wars based on religious differences, or on personal ambition and intrigue, are giving place to those caused by the natural impulse of expansion, which may be directed by individuals, and may lead to a rôle of personal advancement, but which fundamentally are as much a natural cause for explosion as are the gases generated in a confined space. This difficulty of increasing population, and the resulting expansion of nations, may well give grave cause for anxiety to the civilised world in future, for it shows no signs of diminishing; on the contrary, the necessity for the most careful separation of spheres of

national activity will continue to increase until such time as the balance of power shall be so entirely under control that it will be possible to dictate to nationalities the physical limits of their existence."

We do not see how the balance of power can set limits to the population problems, but the main point is that boundaries, under present-day conditions, are of value only when they can be effective as a defence. The stronger they are, the greater is their help to temperate statesmanship during a grave crisis. It was the weakness of Belgium's frontier that enabled Germany to plan at her ease a crime of violence. Further, when a frontier is weak, and subject to the ebb and flow of a mixed population, the stronger nation can extend her influence beyond the borderland, weakening the patriotism of a weak neighbour at the most vulnerable part of her territories. Hence, no doubt, a small nation stands in need of a very powerful frontier. Note, too, another point in the hybrid population that weak boundaries produce. How is such a population to be divided when a new frontier has to be made? Idealists answer: "The racial unit should coincide as far as possible with the geographical unit"; but a hybrid population is not a "race" unit in national sentiment, and true racial kinship does not give a common character either to the Nordic peoples or to those in whom the Alpine stock is predominant. Alpine types in France and Germany differ as widely as the Welshman and the Spaniard, who belong to the Mediterranean race. More often than not, national sentiment and character are things apart from the racial preponderance in a country. This fact is known to all readers of Dr. Ripley's great work on "The Races of Europe"; but it is usually forgotten when people talk about boundary-making after the war.

In the production of nationality many epigenetic factors have to be considered. These are the factors which are imposed on the hereditary material, and which have to be reimposed on every generation. The influence of environment is very important, whether we study its Nature-made aspects, such as the effects on man of heat and cold and of mountains and valleys, or consider it in man-made aspects, which range from the component parts of culture (religion, tradition, custom, history, national achievements, art, literature, and so forth) to the most unsatisfactory conditions in the daily struggle to earn money. Industrialism is changing the physique of many peoples, and the hysterical note in journalism is affecting their minds. Sir Thomas Holdich writes a chapter on the constitution of a nationality, and many pertinent debates are suggested by his thoughtful candour. His remarks on patriotism ought to be discussed many times, and he has much to say about nomadism in its relation to political boundaries. The nomad in human nature made the British Empire and has turned the United States of America into a vast ethnology of emigrants. None can divine what this inborn passion for wandering will do in the future, for it is kept alive among the civilised by social ambition, by the growth of population, and by the awful monotony of industrial toil in overcrowded townships. Here and there it seems to have died, as among the multitudinous apathy of the Chinese; but it sleeps only in routine and custom, and one day it will be set in movement by a gradual renaissance of aspiration.

The author reviews his complicated subjects as briefly as possible, and his seventeen chapters have a penetration and a breadth of vision which will disturb the crowd who like to put their ideas into recipes of pleasing sentiment. We do not agree with all his views and convictions; we have to thank him again and again for provoking opposition; and he never fails to add something new and true when his candour plays around matters in which it is our privilege to be fully in accord with him. Among the most valuable aids to political foresight is his careful criticism of existing boundaries, as in the case of the North Italian frontier. Sea frontiers, spheres of influence, buffer States, the military aspects of a frontier, natural frontiers, and

geographical problems in boundary delimitation are among the rich and various topics with which he deals as a practical expert; and separate chapters also are given to the North-West frontier of India, to the white man in Asia, and to African boundaries. The author warns us all that psychological problems in race and national idiosyncrasy are so complex that nothing less than a life-study of individual conditions could lead to any certain and satisfactory conclusion about them. He adds: "These are the problems which the frontier-maker has to face when he sets out to define a national boundary in the civilised portions of the globe. I have endeavoured to show . . . that in the present stage of human evolution, when we find man as the product of an advanced civilisation still so little removed from the primitive savage that he can be roused to an emotional fury which justifies his conscience in the perpetration of the most abominable crimes, it is necessary to separate the nations, or communities, or peoples who may become subjects of such emotions by a barrier which should be as effective as Nature or art can make it".

LATEST BOOKS.

"Taormina." By Raley Hulsted Bell. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York. 5s. net.

There is much that is pleasing in this collection of random sketches on Taormina. But a long drawn note of melancholy which pervades the volume somewhat mars what might have been a well-told story of the rise and fall of a famous Greek city.

Dr. Bell shows a ready acquaintance with the place, which, indeed, he seems to have thoroughly explored, as well as sound knowledge of its past history. His references to the ancient products, such as the Taorminian grape and the sugar cane, which, tradition maintains, grew in those regions, as well as the ancient marble quarries which were formerly celebrated, provide much room for speculation as to how these industries and sources of wealth decayed, and why no attempt seems to have been made to revive them.

Mount Etna appears to have a special fascination for the author, and we are given a list of eminent men, both ancient and modern, who have fallen under the spell of the volcano. But it is not so with the Taorminians of to-day, in whom the writer has little confidence; whilst those who, for some reason better known to themselves, have hit upon this quiet Sicilian town as a refuge from the criticisms of a society of which they once formed part also meet with scant sympathy. The short history of Taormina would have lost none of its value by omission of sundry attempts at witticism which seem sadly out of place, and the blunt statement that since the beginning of the nineteenth century Taormina has ceased making any history worth recording brings the treatise to an abrupt conclusion, which might have been easily avoided by an even superficial knowledge of the problems which confront the present-day rulers of Sicily, the existence of which are generally overlooked or completely ignored by foreign writers.

The value of the work is distinctly enhanced by a series of excellent photographs, and an elegantly written poem forms a fitting prelude.

"Humanity versus Un-humanity: A Criticism of the German Idea in its Political and Philosophical Development." By A. S. Elwell-Sutton. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

The writer's thesis is that German philosophy has brought the Real and Ideal into a kind of alliance, but one which leads to perverted results. To convey the essence of a philosophic system to the general public is a laudable idea, but one fraught with difficulty. He who has read a hasty summary of Hegel's doctrines seldom knows much about Hegel. How far we are justified in ascribing national action and temper to this or that philosopher may also be doubted. German policy could easily be refuted out of Kant and Goethe. We think, however, that the general reader may gain some light from Mr. Elwell-Sutton's analysis, brief as it is. But that reader must know more history than he usually does to appreciate references which appear in these pages—for instance, those to "the Ems telegram" and "the Reinsurance Treaty". Also he must know German, for here it remains untranslated in significant passages. We are not inclined to accept the author's views as to the dissemination of German culture in the higher sense. We have not discovered in Germany an extraordinary familiarity with the poetry, philosophy, and literature of all nations, even among the "lowest classes". The German achievement in all forms of art is not great since 1870, as we have already explained in these columns.

ONCE A MONTH.

If we say that Brigadier Stone's article in the "Nineteenth Century and After," "The New Armies," is one of the best on the subject which have been printed since August 1914, we risk being told by cynical readers, "Naturally, for the 'Saturday' line is the Brigadier Stone line, or *vice versa*!" We must take that risk. "The New Armies" is frank and outright as to the utter unpreparedness of this country for the war (thanks to time-serving or incompetent partisans), as to the so-called Voluntary System which was so long suffered to prevail to the cost of Army and country, and to the scandalous campaign carried on, at the start of the new Armies, against preventive typhoid inoculation. "The Voluntary (?) System", says Brigadier Stone, "was a great impediment to efficiency from start to finish". He goes on coolly and with severe truth to point out that it "utterly disorganised" many great industries all over the country—"industries . . . essential for the manufacture of war material, clothing, and equipment, as well as those upon which the country had to depend for maintaining our export trade". Everybody who wants the truth should read this sterling article by Brigadier Stone: there is a man and a true soldier behind the words. Mr. John Leyland writes on "The United States Navy in the Making," a subject touched on in this review during the first half of the war. It is a question of great importance, though—naturally enough—little attended to in Europe to-day. The United States are setting out to become the second greatest Naval Power in the world—a momentous decision! "The happiest feature of the situation is that it is being built in complete accord with the Navy which is the safeguard of our home and Empire and the surest base of the success of the Allies." We agree this is a happy feature, but the fact must be faced that at a time when amiable people or dreamers are talking about this being "a war to end war," and about the cosmopolitan policing of the nations of the earth henceforth, here is America setting out on her own to found a new and mighty fleet. Somehow it does not suggest perpetual peace to us. Perhaps it does to others. In any case the naval policy of the United States is well worth study: it is exceedingly interesting. Of other articles, General Long's on "Demobilisation—Right and Wrong" will naturally attract much attention, for the author writes with high authority. We hope to deal with this subject later. Meanwhile be it noted that General Long favours strongly a Ministry of Demobilisation as the only means by which a thousand evils may be avoided when the men begin to come back from the war. "Practically half our working manhood is to be restored to industry and a large number of the balance are to be disturbed in their work. No nation has ever had a greater problem to face since the world began." The whole article, however, should be read. It is suggestive, and in parts caustic—as witness: "We have multitudes of officials, but a famine supply of organisers".

As *toujours la politique* sets the mind out of focus, we turn first in the "Fortnightly" to the general articles, which include a wistful study of Richard Middleton and some entertaining memories from Mr. Edward Clodd. "London in War Time," by Mr. James Milne, is not the London that we see and know, but a nation-city in an isle of dreams. Dr. Dillon's review of the new situation piles together a great many interesting facts, and adds to them some speculative deduction; "Politics" understands Roumania and the Eastern question, and there is much good thought in Mr. Hyndman's survey of the awakening of Asia. It is Mr. Arthur A. Baumann who has chosen the most debatable subject, and his treatment of it is so easy and so swift and able that it could not be bettered, whether we look upon it as a provocation or as a piece of campaigning strategy. Is Mr. Asquith the inevitable leader of a Central Party in which Conservatives will work side by side with Liberal capitalists and with the remnant of Puritan Nonconformity? If so, why? Mr. Baumann gives an affirmative answer to these questions, unlike Brigadier-General Page Croft.

In the "Cornhill" Sir Frederick Pollock has a judicious article on "War and Diplomacy in Shakespeare". Mr. Boyd Cable has one of his excellent war stories, and Lady Bagot a fine narrative of a soldier in hospital. Mr. F. J. Salmon has an interesting account of "The Voice of the Guns". Beside it Mr. Arnold Lunn's story of betting at school, "'Sweep' Villers", seems rather mean, though it is cleverly done. Reminiscences are good this month. The Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy writes pleasantly and always with good taste concerning "Balliol Memories". The advice ascribed to Jowett about style was also given by Mark Twain. Sir Charles P. Lucas deals with a notable effort and several men of mark in "Llewelyn Davies and the Working Men's College". He does not, however, quite realise the limitations of the eminent figures of the College. Llewelyn Davies, indeed, deserved much more preferment than he got, but F. D. Maurice was felt by his contemporaries to be hopelessly vague. Aubrey de Vere said that listening to him was like eating pea-soup with a fork.

"Blackwood" is full of the war in various aspects, and keeps up its reputation for vivid and revealing narrative. "By the Waters

of Babylon" and "On the Fringe of the World War" take us to the Euphrates and the city of Hadji Baba. The new installment of "Fallen Angels" dealing with the discomforts of "Night Ops" is decidedly amusing. In "A Side Issue of the War" Miss B. G. Mure is engaging and informative concerning the V.A.D. in France. "Elizabethan Travel Literature" is too brief for the subject. Master Holofernes develops ingeniously the underlying suggestion in ten lines of "Richard II". The best part of his points is not new to Shakespearean students. He writes well, and will, we hope, write more. The Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, has some striking remarks on "The Future of Ireland". We do not think that his claim to be outside party will be endorsed everywhere, but his views are certainly well worth consideration. He is convinced of the disloyalty of many R.C. schools. In one of them in the South the children refused to sing "God Save the King". He insists that this disloyalty is widespread, though he admits difficulties in producing evidence. Schoolmasters, he adds, have their grievances, the most serious of which is that they have no fixity of tenure. The school managers are mostly R.C. priests, and a severe indictment is brought against them. English politicians are little better in the writer's view, and the best way to get out of the present muddle is to govern Ireland by Irishmen in Ireland.

There is much useful matter in the "National Review". Brigadier-General Page Croft writes with energy and candour on the war and its sequent problems; his paper is certain to have a wide effect, for it challenges debate. The Coalition is not so feeble as we are asked to believe, nor are "the people" quite so alert and strong; but an article without half-tones has a broad, decorative effect that clings to the mind, and this one is impressively earnest. That there are still some faults in the people is shown plainly by an Engineer who studies the production of munitions and the limit set to the output of machines by peace-bred rules and customs. Astounding evidence is given of the under-production. The Archbishop of Dublin treats of Ireland in 1916 and sets thought in movement on many questions. He is particularly desirous that British statesmen should put and keep in plain words the fact that Ireland can never be free to rule her foreign politics or to open her harbours to the sway of a foreign navy. Ireland's freedom is the prosperous safety of the British Isles. Other good articles are "Our Birthright", by Ian D. Colvin, and "The Church and her Present Task", by Sir Henry Craik.

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